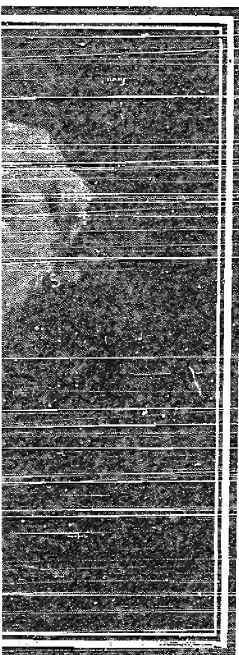


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**WAR CRY**

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year, No. 50. WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Correspondent. Price, 5 Cents.



THE GREAT CHOICE.

(See article page 2).



## The Great Choice.

(To Our Frontispiece.)

Once at least in every man's life comes the moment when one has to make the great choice between Good and Evil. On one hand the angel of Heaven in purity beckons us upward, on the other hand the siren of death, bedecked and bejewelled and bewitching, would lead us on to destruction.

It is true that we have to choose almost daily between right and wrong, but the Great Choice is made when an awakened conscience and a quickened judgment, by the special aid of the Holy Spirit, make our choice a deliberate one, and decide our course, alas! often for life and eternity.

Have you made the Great Choice? If so, have you not daily thanked God that, by His grace, you have chosen the straight and narrow path? Have not its joys, your spiritual discoveries and the glorious friendship of Jesus been an invaluable recompense for all that you were called upon to sacrifice of the world's favors and pleasures?

And you who have chosen evil, have you not almost daily regretted the fatal choice that led you with eyes open into a cruel slavery to sin? The pleasures promised by the devil have turned out bitter, his glowing prospects have burst like soap bubbles, his feasts have the taste of wormwood and all the anticipation of present enjoyment as the prize of sin have turned to ashes. Verily, self-indulgence soon turns to loathing, and the yawning gulf of darkness ahead of you becomes daily a greater reality. There is yet time to turn and seek God.

Many readers will not have made the Great Choice of their life yet. They drift on in a dreamy, indolent, don't-care way on life's dream, and death will float them into hell like so much driftwood in the ever is borne to the ocean. Wake up, say, arouse yourself. Life is short, very short, and soon it is ended. Then comes the giving of an account, the closing of the book, the striking of the balance, the showing of profit or loss. Choose to-day whether it shall be for you Heaven gained or lost in hell.

## NOBLE SELF-DENIAL.

The beautiful story told of Sir Philip Sidney, how he resigned the bottle of water to a wounded soldier lying beside him, is a reproduction—it may not have been an imitation—of an incident in the life of Alexander the Great. Some Alexanderians, seeing Alexander greatly distressed with thirst, filled a helmet with water out of their scanty supply and presented it to him. He took the helmet in his hands, but, looking round and seeing all the horsemen bending their heads and fixing their eyes upon the water, he returned it without drinking. The cavalry, who were witnesses of this act of temperance and magnanimity, cried out, "Let us march! We are neither weary nor thirsty!" There is another noble instance of his self-denial. The wife and daughters of Darius and many other Persian ladies were his captives, and they were beautiful women. He never approached them, but caused them to be sacredly respected and honored. Similar high praise, under similar circumstances, is due to the warrior Belshazzar.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

## Bible Readings from Jamaica.

## JOSEPH, THE DREAMER.

"Here comes the Dreamer!" He had dreamt a dream that they disliked to hear;

For why should he, so young in years, tell them the dream, and say it meant That they would bow and honor him, who should be servant to them all, And black their boots, or wash the plates, or go down to the village shop?

"Here comes the Dreamer!" they exclaimed, as secretly they vowed that they

Would be revenged upon this lad, that was his father's favorite, And did no work to earn his salt, but was tale-bearer day by day; And so they planned to murder him, had not one, Reuben, begged his life.

Persuading them to pit him down a pit, where he might starve or die. And so they did, but later on some merchants came along that way, To whom they sold the boy for fifty shillings of our English coin; They killed a kid and took his clothes and stained them in the blood, to hide

The deed, and let his father see his coat of many colors marred. They told him that some beast had killed their brother Joseph in the field;

So Jacob mourned for him, and would not be consoled, and rent his clothes, Saying he should go to the grave still grieving for his favorite boy.

The merchants, who were Ishmaelites, led Joseph bound and sold him to A Mr. Potiphar, who lived in Egypt, since they went that way; Here Joseph stayed for many years, and worked so well and faithfully That he was made the head of all his master's servants, and his house. He doubtless wished to serve the Lord, but Satan, through his master's wife,

Tried hard to lead him captive bound, and when he failed, spread a report

Which was not true, so was a lie; and strange to say, the Lord looked on And did not, as He could have done, stop the report, but let them talk;

And so, we find, he was condemned, and sent through Mr. Potiphar To prison, where he spent two years, but was a kind of warder there. And then it chanced (although some say there is no chance for things ordained)

That Pharaoh, who was King, condemned his butler and his baker, too, To prison for the deeds he'd said they'd done to him, or had not done; So Joseph had the oversight of them, and did strange dreams explain. He told one he would be restored, and said the other would be hanged; And as he said, so it turned out, the very day he said it would.

Although the dream had been fulfilled he got no thanks, but was forgot Until two other years had passed, when Pharaoh dreamt, and there was none

Of all the wise men in the land who could interpret what it meant; Till Joseph, being sent for, came and told the meaning of it all—

How that there would a famine be, preceded by a harvest great; Seven years of this and seven of that. He gave the glory to the Lord, Who in return made Pharaoh know that the prediction would be true.

Then Pharaoh made a man of him, and placed him over all his men; He bade him ride next to himself, and people bowed to him as well. So Joseph was commissioner, and planned a Darkest Egypt scheme, That gathered in the surplus wheat to meet the famine that would come. Not only down in Egypt was the famine felt, but Canaan too, Was out of corn, so Jacob had to send and buy from Joseph's store; And thus it was that Joseph's dream came true, though he had waited long

(For Josephs that numbered twenty-three) before his brothers came to him,

And bowed their knees as unto one who had the power to kill or spare. He knew them well, but they, in fear, had not the slightest thought

But when he wept to hear them tell how Jacob kept back Benjamin, He turned away to hide the tears that had so long refused to flow. Oh, they must bring him Benjamin! he would take no excuse from them,

So gave them corn, and placed within their sacks the money which they brought.

And sent them back, retaining one, lest they should not return with him.

Though Jacob said he would consent to give up Benjamin, Yet when the corn was eaten up there was naught else that he could do. And so he went with all the rest, and Judah vowed he should return. For he would stand the penalty—so they went down with saddened hearts; But Joseph went to see him come, and he received them all with joy. Although they knew not who he was, for he still kept the truth from them.

Again he gave them corn and sent them with the money in their sacks, But into Benjamin's he placed a silver cup unknown to all; Then, when they'd gone a little way, he sent to search them for this cup.

And it was found, so they returned, condemned, unable to explain. "I must keep Benjamin," he said, but Judah told how that he'd stood As surety for him, and said, "His father's life is bound in this."

Then Joseph could restrain himself no more, and turning servants out, He, weeping, told them who he was, but said they must not grieve he named

They'd sold him years before, for God had worked it out for good; And then he bade them be in haste, and tell his father all the news, And bring him down, for yet five years of famine still remained for all; So he must come and live with him, and see the glory God had sent— And then he wept o'er Benjamin, and kissed the others through his tears. So they returned, and though at first poor Jacob thought the news too good,

Yet later on the Lord said "Go," so he and all his family went, And were received with joy by Joseph, and the king as well. And thus it was his dream came true, as many a dream comes true to-day.

—Adjutant Phillips.

## CONTENTMENT.

By E. W. C.

I.

In everybody's secret care On his forehead plainly written were How oft we would be moved to tears For those we watch with jealous care. So many who in the depth of their breast

Off-bury their sorrows and sighs, Find all their comfort doing their best To appear to others happy and wise And to hide the heart which is breaking.

II.

If some who live in mansions fair Are strangers, as it seems, to us, Oh, do not envy, but pity those; The thorns are hidden by the rose. The sparkling stones in the diadem, And the crown is often adorned. The king of princes who would gladly exchange The royal throne for the workman's bench, And hail it his liberty's moraine.

III.

There is one face whose smile is rare, Whenever you meet it you can find It is like a sunbeam warm and rare, It is the face of God's own Child. The sin and darkness which sinned the soul

When the cleansing stream came in sweeping Were washed away, and it broke like control.

And Jesus' blood healed the wounded soul, And turned to gladness her weeping.

## Spiritual Sparks.

A holy life is a life like Christ's.

To fall from God is to fall to the greatest height in the universe.

There is always room anywhere in the world for a holy thought.

One of the chief reasons why life is so great is just that life is so short.

None but the Christ-like in character can know the Christ-like in action.

He is a great man who has a great plan for his life—the greatest plan has the greatest plan and keeps it.

You may be doing God's will with one hand consecrated to Christ, and making your own autobiography with the other consecrated to self.

We have no business to clutter God's earth with ourselves if we are not holy—no business to live in the same world with Him. We are an offence to God—discordant notes in the music of the universe.

All seed sowing is a martyrdom, whether the seed falls into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life to now, everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity, and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. The influence of a word is incalculable. —Amiel.

Some lives are so rich that their very crumbs make a feast for others. Would you not rather have a smile or a single word from some great soul than a whole sermon from another? Grand characters little realize what potency of blessing flows from their slightest words and acts.

The more a man loves, the more he suffers. The sum of possibilities for each soul is in proportion to its degree of perfection.



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## THE WAR CRY.



## The Discovery of Diamonds.

By O. S. MARDEN.

Why this longing, thus forever sigh-  
ing.

For the far-off, unattained and dim,  
While the beautiful all around them  
lies.

Offers up its low, pathetic hymn?  
Harriet Winslow.

In a little cottage overlooking the  
River Indus and miles of beautiful  
country stretching away to the sea,  
there lived a Persian named Ali  
Hafed. He was blessed with a  
beautiful wife and romping children.  
An extensive farm was his, with  
fields of grain, gardens of flowers,  
orchards of fruit and hundred of acres  
of forest. And he had plenty of  
money and everything else that heart  
could wish.

One evening a monk of Buddha vis-  
ited him, and, sitting before the fire,  
explained how the world was made,  
and the Oriental belief that the first  
beams of sunlight condensed on the  
earth's surface into diamonds; add-  
ing that a diamond the size of his  
thumb was worth more than large  
mines of copper, silver or gold; that  
with a handful he could buy a pro-  
vince, and that with a diamond mine  
he could purchase a kingdom.

All Hafed listened, and no longer  
thought himself rich, for he had been  
touched with discontent, before which  
all wealth seems to vanish. Early  
next morning he awakened the monk  
who had caused his unhappiness, and  
anxiously asked where he

Could Find a Mine of Diamonds.

"What do you want of diamonds?"  
asked his astonished monk.

"I want to be so rich as to place  
my children on thrones."

"Ah you have to do it in to go and  
search until you find them," replied  
the monk.

"But where shall I go?" asked the  
eager farmer.

"Go anywhere—north, south, east  
or west."

"How shall I know when I have  
found the place?"

"When you find a river running  
over white sands between high moun-  
tain ranges, in those white sands you  
will find diamonds," answered the  
monk.

The discontented man sold the farm  
for what he could get, left his family  
with a neighbor, took the money he  
had at interest and went to search for  
the coveted treasure. Over the moun-  
tains of Arabia, through Palestine  
and Egypt he wandered for years, but  
found no diamonds. When his money  
was all gone and starvation stared  
him in the face, ashamed of his folly  
and of his rage, poor Ali Hafed threw  
himself into the ocean and

Was Drowned.

The man who bought his farm was  
a contented man, who made the most  
of his surrounding and did not be-  
lieve in going away from home to  
hunt for diamonds or success. While  
his camel was drinking one day, he  
noticed a flash of light from the white  
sands of the brook. He picked up a  
pebble, and, pleased with its brilliant  
hue, took it into the house, put it  
on the shelf near the fireplace and  
forgot all about it. The old monk of  
Buddha, who had filled Ali Hafed with  
the fatal discontent, called one day  
upon the new owner of the farm. He  
had no sooner entered the cottage  
than his eye caught that flash of  
light from the stone.

"Here's a diamond! here's a dia-  
mond!" the monk shouted in great  
excitement. "Has Ali Hafed re-  
turned?"

"No," said the farmer, "nor is that  
a diamond. That is but a stone."  
They went into the garden, and  
stirred up the white sands with their  
fingers, and, behold! other diamonds  
more beautiful than the first gleamed  
forth.

Thus the famous diamond beds of  
Golconda were discovered. Had Ali  
Hafed been content to remain at  
home and dig in his own garden, in-  
stead of going abroad to search for  
wealth, only to find poverty, hard-  
ship, starvation and death, he would  
have been

One of the Wealthiest Men

In the world, for the entire farm  
abounded in the richest of gems.

Are we not blind to our opportuni-  
ties? The majority of us have yet  
to learn that "our grand business is  
not to see what lies dimly at a dis-  
tance, but to do what lies clearly at

hand." Through lack of this belief  
men and women without number have  
sold farms or estates, and given up  
good positions and homes to go  
"somewhere else," because they were  
sure, if they could but change their  
present condition, that they could  
succeed.

The richest gold and silver mines in  
Nevada were sold for forty-two dollars  
by the owner, to get money to pay  
his passage to other mines, where he  
thought he could get rich.

Certain man named Shepherd once  
organized a party to go to California  
to dig gold, and took along a handful  
of

Translucent Pebbles

to play checkers with on the voyage.  
After arriving in San Francisco, and  
after they had thrown most of the  
pebbles away, they discovered that  
they were diamonds. They hastened  
back to Brazil, only to find that the  
mines from which the pebbles had  
been gathered had been taken up by  
others and sold to the government.

Thus the world has seen one man  
after another fall hopelessly in quest  
of success. On the other hand, by  
grasping opportunities where they  
were, thousands have made fortunes  
out of trifles which others, in the  
wild race for riches, have overlooked.

There is power and fortune lying  
latent everywhere about us, waiting  
for the eye that can see and for the  
mind that can utilize.

You have your own special place  
and work. Fill it, fill it. In order to  
succeed you must be prepared to  
seize and improve the opportunity  
when it comes. Remember that four  
things come not back—the spoken  
word, the sped arrow, the past life  
and the neglected opportunity.

COMPANIONS.

We can converse frequently with  
unliving, but it is immensely stimu-  
lating, due to its own predominant  
quality. Waters vary their savor ac-  
cording to the veins of the soil  
through which they glide. Brutes alter  
their natures answerable to the  
climates in which they live. Men are  
apt to be changed for the better or  
worse according to the conditions of  
those with whom they daily converse;  
the election, therefore, of our com-  
panions is one of the weightiest ac-  
tions of our lives, our future good or  
hurt dependeth so much upon it. It

is an excellent speech of Chrysos-  
tom: "If men, good or bad, be joined  
together in a special band of society,  
they either quickly part or usually  
become alike."

## Sermon Seeds.

Conspicuous upon the astronomy of  
the middle Ages; so much the worse  
for the astronomy. The Everlasting  
Gospel is revolutionizing the  
churches; so much the better for the  
churches.

We learn to reverence a more blun-  
ting of the conscience in that incapacity  
for indignation, which is not to be  
confounded with the gentleness of  
charity or the reserve of humility.

Great men are the true men, the  
men in whom Nature has succeeded.  
They are not extraordinary—they are  
in the true order. It is the other kind  
of men who are not what they ought  
to be.

How few are those who can tell a  
thing as they heard it, yet think  
themselves truthful.

He who tells a lie is not sensible  
how great a task he undertakes, for  
he must be forced to invent twenty  
more to maintain one—Alexander  
Hopa.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and  
it may be equally outraged by silence.  
—Annamian.

When man rises from cradle to  
fully know himself and who he is,  
he will have no more room of death  
than a child has of its loving mother  
who lovingly takes it from darkness  
to light.

We have one thing, and only one,  
to do here on earth—to win the char-  
acter of Heaven before we die.

Every man's task is his life-pro-  
cess. The conviction that his work  
is dear to God, and cannot be spared,  
defends him.

We are made for co-operation—like  
feet, like hands, like eyelids, like  
the rows of the upper and lower  
teeth.



## My Old Violin.

By DEVALER, India.

I COULD bring tears to the relief of the broken-hearted; I could brighten with smiles the sorrowful; I could move the heart to the dance and all the place with laughter; I could stir the indolent and dissatisfied to lofty ideals and noble deeds; I could disperse gloom and sadness for mirth and joy, and give; I could move a soul to acts of greatest daring, or hold a multitude spell-bound; I could teach souls to aspire to the great and good and lovely; but alas! I lie here in the dust, beset with rain and sleet with cobwebs, despaired and rejected as something worthless; occasionally I am named out, criticised, vibrated for a moment or two with a coarse, old bow, then put back in my broken old box as harsh and out of tune. They think to pierce the crust of dirt and dust and disuse in a moment; they forget that time and use only will revive the depth and sweetness and mellowness of my tones.

Poor old violin! friend and companion of years; a friend who could soothe in sorrow, yet would ask no questions nor worry for answers; a friend who would sympathize with my silent grief and yet breathe the joy and peace, yes, and stir the soul into raptures of joy. You have been badly used. Your tones were grand; sublime! but my clumsy fingers were slow to tune you, and I had not the power to show you off at your true worth or produce the richness of those tones. You were so difficult to master that you were put aside for something easier; not nearly so grand but more showy and quickly learned. 'Tis as I strike your familiar chords once more and linger over those soft, deep notes, what memories are roused!

I remember once, long, long ago I was at school; my mother came to see me, and in all the gleam of childish pleasure I was showing her all my toys. "Look, mamma," I said, "look, I have made this into a geogee, and look what a fine whip this makes!" The geogee was my poor old fiddle, and the whip a beautiful bow, all broken. My mother looked sorry; she took up the instrument and untied the string from its neck, then she took the bow and carefully placed them in their box; I never saw my violin again for some years.

I was standing before a grave professor with my poor old fiddle and broken old-time geogee. My mother insisted that she thought it could at least be made fit to turn on. The professor was long in wondering whether that could be possible. Seeing my seeming disappointment—he did not know that my cheeks were burning red because I was ashamed of my poor old prodigy—I was very proud—he said he would see what could be done. The next visit I paid him he was in raptures over the poor old thing; he had simply transformed it. He handed it to me, saying, "Never part with that instrument whatever may be offered you; it is a very valuable one." I was not particularly proud of it then, even. It looked old-fashioned, a little large and very black. I should have liked it had it been fitted with pearl and prettily stained. But I plodded on with the scales, and after a long, tedious process I launched into scales of a little more variety.

I had become companionable and helped to my father. At the desk we sat together; at leisure we read and played and by degrees I began to love my old violin, for by dint of constant playing I began to tune its tones to my own will and humor and to realize the depths of soul in its music.

A crowded room; a rattling good song sung by many lusty voices. The poor old violin was leading, and everyone seemed to be revelling to the utmost of their sonic limits in the delight of the music. Amongst that crowd was a soldier lad with a heavy-lidded face, for the nothing could brighten. Poor lad! he

fore he was saved he was a great drunkard, his career in the army (military) was quite spoiled by it. "I know, Cap'n," he would say, "it's no use my trying to be a good soldier. When a fellow gets a bad name in the army, it sticks to him all through the service. The Cap'n of our Company, he just comes round and from sheer habit he walks straight up to me, and of 'e spots the smallest sign of dullness on my boots or the least speck of dust on my trappings, he's 'Private Blank, three days in barracks.' Many's the time when my things is cleaner than some of the fellows, but it's always the same, 'e always spots me." He listened to the singing, and one day he said, "Cap'n, will ye get us a fiddle, I wants to lara one." I was surprised, but I thought it might give him some pleasure and recreation. At any rate, so I bought him a violin and let him practice in the hall on Thursday afternoon. The man with the heavy features, who could not, for the life of him, make a good soldier, became a real man altogether. His spirit turned up with a radiant smiling face and strum away till further orders. At first, in the zeal of his early efforts, it was a little trying that he would insist on producing his one key—the one, of course, without flats or sharps, C major—whether it was the key we were playing in or

no, but at the end of six months he was a pupil not to be ashamed of, with the prospect of becoming quite a master of the art if he kept in practice.

One of the last memories was my dear sister. She used to maintain that she was not musical, and could not play anything. One day someone gave her a violin, and with a sweet shy ambition she made up her mind to try and learn it. She was not long in making fair progress. I remember well how she would play over and over again that tune:

"I cannot leave the dear old flag,

Twere better far to die."

That beautiful white hand that held the bow so gracefully is still in death, and that gentle voice is silent, and the soul that tuned those notes has returned to God. They have written over her grave the words:

"She fell like a soldier, she died at her post."

I think my old violin has been very much in its box since then. But there are still a few other thoughts that come to me just now; perhaps they might also go under the heading of memories, memories of sad experiences of not so long ago either. How like my poor violin is to some of the many blessings God has given us. Keys to joy, peace and rest.

Power to unfold the glories of a deep spiritual life around us, have hidden them away out of our sight; soul of sweetest melody; but a string has been broken, or the harmony has been broken, or injured or spoiled. At first the children, we loved with these things, then the Master withdrew them from a while, till we could appreciate the value, or maybe these gifts were so much care and cultivation, and could only be produced to perfection at the price of some great sacrifice. Maybe, like the man in the parable, there was a little pride at the possession of our gifts, or we thought the Master hard and severe in expecting such an increase of usefulness from there was so little intent to cherish them. Maybe we have despised our little talent for those that are brighter in the outer world, so neglecting what would most affect the little circle nearest home. But the Master will expect of us the least five more; of the two, two more of the one, one more. No use increasing the four and leaving the fifth; all must be put to usury; then we shall hear the words: "Well done, my good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Master."

## Health Hints.

A simple ointment for dressing wounds and sores is made by melting in a jar by the side of the fire, without boiling, one part of yew, or white wax and two parts of castor oil or olive oil.

For a Hard Corn—A glycerine ointment will soften and loosen the corn so much that it will easily come out. To apply, saturate a piece of lint with glycerine; lay this on the sore, tie a piece of cloth over, leaving the foot in place, and, if you apply at night, keep on till the morning. If you are troubled with corns, get your shoemaker to stretch new shoes for you before wearing.

Guarding Against Colds—Sunshine and air do much to frighten away the demon of colds, in whatever form than do any number of doctors' medicines. People who sleep with their windows open are far wiser than those who hermetically seal themselves against any fresh air until they rise. And don't accuse yourself to be never in a draught for a minute, for it is sure to be maintainable at times, and then if you are used to it you will catch cold.

Sprains.—Remember that in case of a sprained limb rest is the principle thing if you want to cure it completely. Permanent weakness often results if the limb is used before it has quite recovered. Put the injured part, as soon after the accident as possible, into water as hot as can be borne, or wrap it in a blanket wrung out of boiling water, but don't have it hot enough to scald. If the hot water is to be hot, wrap the injured part of a mixture of equal parts of spirit and water (cold), using equal parts.

Bad Taste in the Mouth.—The taste in the mouth often endures when waking in the morning is often due to the presence of germs, the products of which accumulate in the mouth. When one awakes the constant secretions of the mouth are necessary. If there are any decayed teeth they should be attended to, and a toothbrush used daily at night. The proper use of drinking water and care as to the food are means that should be resorted to in dealing with germs in the mouth. However, one should always remember that they grow where there is low vitality. People who are all run down usually have a bad taste regardless of how clean they keep their mouth or how careful they may be in diet, because germs always attack the tissues of the body are not able to drive them away and consequently their influence. This latter class of people will get rid of the bad taste when they improve their health.

## For Others' Sake.

I have read somewhere a story,  
How two friends one evening sat,  
In the waning twilight glory,  
Deep engaged in friendly chat.  
On a table stood a candle,  
And its rays of mellow light  
Made the fitful shadows dandle,  
As if moved by some mad sprite.

Soon a silly moth, attracted  
By the bright and flickering flame,  
As, alas! have wiser acted,  
Sought destruction just the same.  
Moved by tender sweet compassion,  
The two friends blew out the light,  
And in this unusual fashion  
Chatted on into the night.

What a lesson lies enfolded  
In this simple little tale;  
A sweet lesson, bright and golden,  
Richest drop in Mercy's Grail.  
If, in some unthinking moment,  
You have lit a light that lures,  
That to others brings bestowment  
Of some ill through fault of yours.

Blow it out. Be not a tempter  
To draw others into wrong;  
He who was the world's Redeemer  
Gave Himself to make thee strong.  
Put in no one's way temptation,  
Or false lights to lure to sin,  
Rather seek His commendation  
Who the lowliest would win.

Let your lives go out for others,  
Let your care for them be shown,  
See in all your sisters, brothers,  
Live not for yourselves alone.  
Let the Lord be your ensample,  
Who for others lived and died;  
So shall peace and joy most ample  
With you evermore abide.

—William G. Haeselbarth.





## THE LIFE OF Colonel Arnolis Weerasooriya.

BY COMMANDER ROOTH TUCKER.



### CHAPTER I.—CHILDHOOD.

Some forty years ago, in a Buddhist temple in Ceylon, a Sinhalese mother might have been seen worshipping before the statue of Buddha. By her side was her eldest boy. In his hands she had placed some flowers, which she was instructing him to reverently place before the massive idol.

The boy's uncle was a priest of the temple, and among the 5,000 yellow-robed apostles of Buddha few stood higher in the public estimation. It seemed not unlikely at that time that the boy who knelt so devoutly at the shrine might himself be enrolled ere long among the child students from whom the ranks of the priesthood are replenished.

The Weerasooriya family was itself one of the most prominent in South Ceylon. The very name signified in its Sanscrit origin,

#### "Brave Warrior."

and not only in the priesthood, but among the Buddhist community generally, the name had made its mark by means of its ability, wealth and integrity.

When Christianity invaded the neighborhood the Weerasooriyas stood staunchly by the Buddhist faith, and were among the leaders in persecuting the new-fangled religion. The grandmother of the boy whom we have just introduced was herself a pillar of strength to the pagan cause. Not only had she dedicated her eldest son to the priesthood, but her observance of the rights and ceremonies of her religion was strict in the extreme. The works of merit which were to earn for her the evisium of "Nirvan" (annihilation) were diligently practised. Her offerings to the temple were generous, her pilgrimages frequent, her opposition to the new religion stern and unrelenting.

Imagine the severe old lady's horror when it was whispered that a member of her own family, one of her younger sons, had been secretly studying the Bible, and had decided to embrace the Christian faith. The storm of anathemas and execrations that burst over the young convert's head would be difficult for anyone reared among civilized surroundings to understand. His young, beautiful and devoted wife, herself an ardent Buddhist, with their boy—the two whom we have already seen visiting the temple—

#### Deserted Him,

apparently forever. Every form of abuse and indignity was heaped upon David Weerasooriya, and even his life appeared to be in danger. But with the fortitude which grace alone could supply, the young convert held his ground.

The most subtle theologians of the Buddhist creed were brought to argue him out of his new religion. His old faith does not recognize the existence of a God. Every effort was made to shake David Weerasooriya's faith in the Divine existence. "Look you," was this somewhat strange, ingenious answer, "my arm is just the right length for me to dip my fingers into my dish of rice and convey a handful of it to my mouth. If it were too short I could not reach my mouth; if it were too long it would carry the food over the top of my head. How, then, can I doubt the existence of the God who made me?"

The father stood firm, the wife and child finally rejoined him, the storm of opposition subsided, and David Weerasooriya came to be the "Arch-church" or

#### Mayor of His Village Community,

having the joy of seeing his wife and children become sincere and active Christians.

But the opposition of the stern old grandmother continued to the very last. Her deathbed was shrouded in the sorrowful gloom of her religion, and is a mournful illustration of the powerlessness of non-Christian faiths to administer comfort to their followers, even when most sincere.

The relatives had gathered from far and near to her side. Prominent among them was the son whom she had consecrated from his early boyhood to be a priest of Buddha. With a view to comforting her during her last moments, the son had made a long list of all her meritorious actions.

The rule of Buddhism is that at death, if the good deeds of life outweigh the bad, the soul passes to a superior stage of existence, and then to another still higher, till it finally ceases to exist. If, on the other hand, the sins outweigh the virtues, it passes through a series of purgatories, or hells, of a very terrible character.

Hence the highest form of comfort possible was to remind the dying woman of her many good deeds. But how great was the grief and consternation of those who stood around when she, whom all had regarded as

a saint, pushed aside the record of her virtues, and cried in an agony of despair, "I am lost! I am lost!"

#### I Am Going to Hell!"

Relapsing into unconsciousness, it was easy to see that her last hour had come. "It cannot allow my mother to die like this," exclaimed the priest. He then requested the native doctor who was in attendance to give a violent jerk to the hair above her forehead, this being sometimes done when it is desired to bring a dying person to consciousness for the signature of a will, or for a good-bye word. Her eyes opened, and once more the list of her benevolence was affectionately pressed upon her with the words, "Mother, mother, you must not die thus! See the list of your good deeds, and be assured that the highest of heavens awaits your soul." Again pushing away the paper, the dying woman exclaimed, "I am lost! I am going to hell!" and expired.

The incident made a deep impression on those who were gathered around, and helped no little in shaping the future life work of Arnolis Weerasooriya.

(To be continued.)



Colonel Arnolis Weerasooriya.

## At Evening Time It Shall be Light.

"At evening time" is a familiar phrase and everyday expression. The prophet couldn't very well couch his assertion in terms more easily understood. Thus long-looked-for "evening" the end of the day.

A ship leaves port to go to another some distance away. It is early in the morning. Just after she gets out in seaway the clouds gather thickly, the wind begins to pipe, and they fear on board that they are going to have a change of wind and blow. Gradually the wind ceases from the point from which it blew when starting, and here it comes from another direction, a real gale. The people on board the vessel lower their sails, reef and try to haul in under the land. But no, the storm rises, the waves roll mountains high, and they have to run her before it. It may be with a little canvas or under her bare poles. Perhaps they heave to and let her drive under a riding sail. On board they are anxious; every five minutes they are going farther from the land, but you hear them say perhaps in the "evening" it will calm down, and we will be able to look on to the shore again. Anxious

ly they watch the minutes go by, and, as is expected, at the going down of the sun the wind drops, the sea goes down. Watch them on board as they loosen sail, head the schooner for the land, and later on shore in their rejoicing as they at last drop anchor safe in a harbor, "at evening time."

Or, again, a journey is contemplated, preparations on a large scale have been made for its success.

The night preceding the day of starting everybody concerned is jovial over the anticipated feast of happiness, and they go to rest to dream of coming pleasure. What a change in the morning! Rain is teeming down from the heavens, the wind blows, and out of shelter it is just miserable. The proposed journey has to be abandoned for a more favorable time. For hours it rains on. "In the evening" the sky clears, the wind drops away, the sun peeps out just before it goes down over yonder hill, and, oh! what a beautiful sunset, made more so by the storm gone by. Beautiful, "at evening time." It may be some soul who looked forward to years of happiness and success suddenly in the morning of life is seized by disease. Pain racks the constitution, medicine and means are sought after and used. The pain is allayed for a while, but the disease gradually gains ground, although the

means used always its progress some what. People visit, sympathize, tendered and little gifts are brought to the sufferer. He or she knows that, while the time of departure is not far away, it is well. A chance comes, a change for the worse as far as the physical frame is concerned, but a change for the better taking the fact into account that to depart and be with the Lord is far better. Just as the sun goes down over yonder hill, and the radiance and glory of it are seen around, causing many exclamations of joy, so the sun sinks in the life of the sufferer. The eyes close, the head falls back, all pain has ceased, and in the experience of the one concerned, "at evening time it is light."

As Jesus beings sailing o'er the sea of time, we have many dreary days, haven't we?

How often the sky is black and the winds howl! How often the storm beat against us and the light sails and the skydials that we use in nice weather have to be lowered and everything on board made snug!

How often our decks are awed, and after emerging from one baptism and deluge of sea and spray we are again to face another, and so life goes on. But then, comrades, we needn't be—although some of us have been—the little schooner that I first mentioned, when was driven by the sea and gale farther from the desired port.

#### We Can Weather the Gale

even though we may lose a lot of that which we had in our possession when starting, and which we thought the voyage couldn't be successfully made without. The storms strip us, don't they? The gale shows us the essentials to coming through safely. What a blessed thing it is at all times to be able to look at the compass and see that the ship is heading on her course, even though you can't see the length of her ahead. What a miserable experience it is to be driven before the gale all one's days, and in the "evening time" to have to get on extra sail, causing uneasiness to those on shore lest it should get too dark to make the harbor.

Watch Stephen as he pursues what he is sure is God's will concerning him. His position brings him responsibilities, but if given a chance he is able to cope with them.

#### But See His Face.

What is that about it which makes it so strangely uncommon? It is "light." His enemies see it, for as you sit in a room and looking at the sunlight streaming through a room, see dust which is only visible to the naked eye owing to the power of the sunlight, so they who hate him and stand around see his brightness and the shining light of his face, and no doubt see the fifth and hell of their own hearts. It is light at evening time with him, and because the first martyr had light others have followed in the same tracks of death, and blessed be God, have had light. Think of that sturdy old veteran, who, looking back over the past, and in imagination feeling the torture of the lash, the cold and hardship of the shipwreck, and damp of the prison cell, the fives and tongue-cutting of the crowd and individuals, said, "I have fought a good fight, finished the course, and kept the faith."

How beautiful, "at evening time light." Then look at Thomas. All day he walked with downcast look and broken spirit. He had not been with the other disciples when Jesus showed Himself to them, and he doubts the fact of His being alive and risen. Oh, it is a dark day, but in the evening the disciples met, and Thomas with them. Jesus again comes, and speaking expressly to Thomas, says, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands."

He is now no longer dark-browed, doubting Thomas, but rather at the evening time light has come, and he says, "My Lord and my God."

The frequent complaints we hear of inflammation and pains in the joints are occasioned by shoes made too tight; all the misery of come is produced in the same way.

### Health Hints.

A simple ointment for drawing wounds and sores is made by mixing in a jar by the side of the fire, without boiling, one part of yellow wax and two parts of lard or olive oil.

For a Hard Corn.—A glycerine ointment will soften and loosen the corn so much that it will easily come out. To apply, saturate a piece of lint with glycerine; lay this on the corn; then a piece of oiled silk over that; keep in place, and if you cannot keep on till the morning, you are provided with corns, and shoemaker to stretch new shoes, you before wearing.

Guarding Against Colds.—Shut the door and air do much to frighten away the demon of colds, in whatever form than do any number of doctors' medicines. Room windows open are far less than those who hermetically seal themselves against any fresh air till they rise. And don't accuse yourself to be never in a cold, for a minute, for it is sure to be made at times, and then if you are used to it you will catch cold.

Sprains.—Remember that in case of a strained limb rest is the principal thing if you want to cure completely. Permanent weakness often results if the limb is used when it has quite recovered. Put the injured part, as soon after the accident as possible, into water as hot as can be borne, or wrap it in a wrung out of boiling water, but do not have it hot enough to scald. Hot water is to be had, while the steam is off, a mixture of any of spirit and water (cold), with the parts.

Bad Taste in the Mouth.—The taste in the mouth after food when waking in the morning is often due to the presence of germs, the facts of which accumulate while the person is sleeping. When awake the constant secretion them cleared away. Better care the teeth is necessary. If there is any decayed teeth they should be attended to, and a toothbrush be used freely and frequently, especially at night. The proper use of drinking water and care as to the food eaten is the best remedy. However, one should always remember that they grow where they live, and usually have a bad taste, less of how clean they keep their mouth or how careful they may be, because germs always get into the tissues of the body are not to drive them away and come their influence. This latter does not mean that people who are bad when they improve their health.







Letters from the General  
TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.  
ABOUT BEING SAVED.

LETTER NO. 6.—"THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN."—III.

My Dear Comrades,—In my previous letters I have been explaining to you the nature and character of sin. I come now to answer the very serious question—

"What is to be Done with it?"

1. Every man in this world is placed under the obligation to keep certain laws. I reminded you of this in a former letter. Whatever God reveals to you by His Word, or by His Holy Spirit, or by your own conscience, to be your duty, either to Him or your fellows, that is God's law for you.

2. The transgression of that law, as we have seen, is sin; and I am sure you will see at a glance that in some way or other it must be dealt with. Looked at from any conceivable standpoint, it must appear to you that God could not leave it unnoticed. To begin with, there was His own honor. What would be thought of any earthly father who allowed his children to keep on breaking the rules he made for their guidance, just as they took it into their heads? They would despise such a parent, and say, "Oh, he's nobody, and you need not take any notice of him." And all who knew of such a state of things would despise him, too.

Just so, if our Heavenly Father allowed men to carry out His wishes, or go contrary to them according to their fancy or their feelings, without either rewards or punishments, they would despise Him.

3. You will see, also, if you give the matter a little thought, that

God Must Deal with Sin,

or His law would lose its hold on the respect of those for whom it has been made. If men were allowed to break the law as they please without suffering for it, the result would soon be the same as if there was no law, and a world without law would be little better than a hell.

4. The benevolent regard which God has for all His creatures binds Him to deal with the transgression of His laws. Only think of the state of wretchedness and helplessness to which the people of an country would soon be reduced if the laws that have to do with the protection of life and property could be broken with impunity.

All the thieves and rascals in that country would at once come to the front, and the weak people would be robbed and wronged until the world would become a burden too grievous to be borne. Just so, no one can imagine how awful would have been the anarchy and woe that would have spread itself throughout all God's great Kingdom if the sin of Adam and all the people who have followed in his track had not been dealt with. God, as the Governor of the creatures He has made, is under the most solemn obligation to take notice of sin.

Well, now, if sin had to be dealt with, how was it to be done? There were

Only Two Ways.

One way was to punish it by the infliction of the punishment on the transgressor, and that penalty was death, and the other way was to forgive him.

The infliction of the penalty man had deserved, would, doubtless, have secured such of the ends I have mentioned. Angels, devils and men would all agree that it would have maintained the honor of God, exalted the law in the eyes of His creatures, and generally promoted the well-being of the universe. But God chose another plan. Instead of punishing sin, He made a way for its forgiveness.

He made an exhibition before Heaven, earth and hell of the dignity of the law He had enacted, the importance of obedience to it, and the great

evil of breaking it, by giving His Son, Jesus Christ, to die on Calvary, and at the same time opened the gates of forgiveness to every son and daughter of Adam's race.

From that day to this no being anywhere has been able to say that it is a light matter to oppose God or to break His commandments. And yet on the cross there was the strongest assertion possible for any being to make, of the possibility of full and free forgiveness for every sinner who is willing to comply with the conditions on which His bestowment is made to depend.

1. Now, what do we mean by "The Forgiveness of Sins"? I answer, "It is the act whereby God does for His Son our Saviour's sake, fully and freely forgive all the sins of a man's past life, on the simple condition of repentance, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

You will see that this is not the covering up of sins with the good works of Jesus Christ, as some have thought. Neither does forgiveness consist in treating a man, for Jesus Christ's sake, as though he had never sinned; but, while regarding him as the guilty, hell-deserving sinner he really is, it means the complete forgiveness of all the transgressions of which he has been guilty.

2. The forgiveness of sin is the definite act of God. It is a transaction that takes place between the soul and God Himself.

You cannot forgive your own sins. You may hate them, repent of them, and renounce them, all of which you ought to do, all of which you must do, but you cannot forgive them.

No other man or number of men can forgive your sins. Neither priest, nor church, nor officer, nor all the good people on the earth, nor all the angelic beings in Heaven, could forgive you, were they all to join hands together for that purpose. He only can forgive the sin against whom the sin has been committed. It is God Who forgives sin, and God alone.

The Bible Cannot Save You.

Some people seem to think that it can. They think that if you believe some words or text, or some doctrine taught in it, you

will be forgiven. That is a mistake. The most that the Scriptures can do is to point out the way of salvation. They can say, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!" but only God can take the sins away; so, if you have not already done so, go to Him direct this very night, and let Him do this for you.

This is the doctrine of the Bible. The prophet Isaiah said, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." And John, the Apostle, wrote those wonderful words, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The publican in the Temple of whom Jesus Christ spoke did not call on either the priest or the congregation for forgiveness; he cried "God be merciful to me a sinner," and went home with his sins forgiven.

This doctrine is set forth and maintained by the testimony of holy men of God in all ages everywhere. Not only from the lips of the Psalmist, but throughout the Army in all lands you will hear men and women bear witness that they cried to the Lord, and He brought them out of the horrible pit, and

Set Your Feet on the Rock, and put a new song into their mouths, even praise and thanksgiving to God.

This is the doctrine, my comrades, of your own experience. You remember well when weighed down by your sins, and afraid of death and judgment and eternity on account of them, you sought deliverance from the Lord, and it was God Himself who came to your relief, and who spoke your sins forgiven. Every Salvationist should settle this truth deep and immovable in his soul. It will help him in the perplexities and difficult situations that lie before him, to remember that forgiveness is of the Lord. It is God that saves.

2. The forgiveness of sins is entire. That is to say, the act covers the whole of the wrong-doings of a man's past life. Some people feel that it is too much to expect God to forgive all their sins at once. Even when they have the courage to believe that God will forgive them at all, they cannot bring themselves to believe that it can be done all at once sweep.

They think that God forgives sins in the same manner that some creditors forgive the liabilities of some poor debtors—that is, by drawing his pen through a few pages of the list

against him on one day, and a few more the next, and so on. In this way they imagine God deals with the long record of the evil doings of a sinner. Forgiving first, for instance, the sins of his youth, and then the sins of his early manhood, and so on to the end.

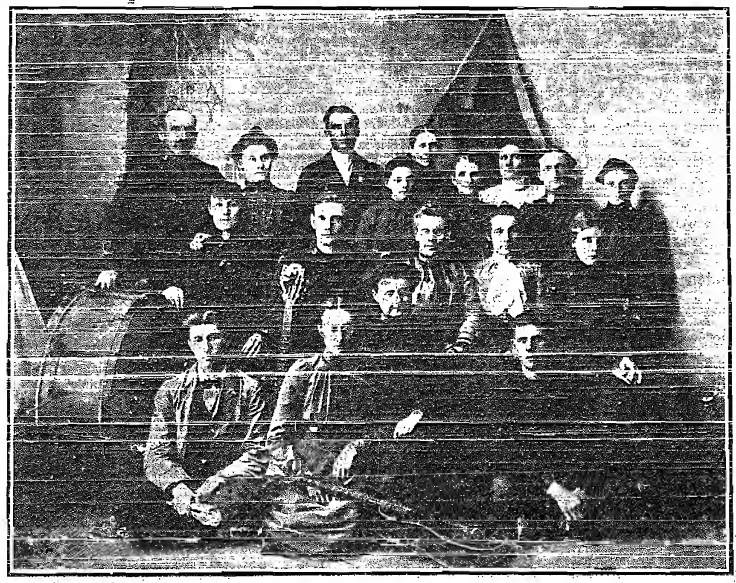
No, this is not our Father's way. As some old writer has it: "God's plan is not to cross out this lot of debts new, and another lot the day after, and another lot the day after that, but to turn the inkstand upside down on the record, blotting them out altogether."

Was not this the way the father forgave his prodigal son? Was there any doing the thing by halves there? Let us see. Did he say to the broken-hearted youth, "First, I shall forgive you all the naughty things you did before you went away, and then I will pardon the wretched things you did while you were away, and hy-and-hy I will deal with the ingratitude you practised in refusing to come home when I invited you"? No, he ran to meet him, and putting his arms around him, took him to his heart and forgave him all at once.

Jesus Christ sees that earthly father's compassion and forgiveness to set forth before our eyes the compassion and forgiveness of our Heavenly Father. That is the way God pardons sins. Oh, my comrades, that is the way He pardoned you, and that is the way He pardoned me fifty-seven years ago, and that is the forgiveness of which I have the witness in my own heart to-night. I hope that every one of you have the witness of that blessed forgiveness in yours also. If not, if there should be one among you who has it not, now is the accepted time; behold, this is the night of salvation.

THE POWER OF PITTY.

Heart calls up heart, as the first beacon spreads the contagion of fire over a mighty land. Not a tear is shed, or a sigh heaved, on behalf of the afflicted; not a kind look or a mile of charity is despatched to the destitute that is permitted, even in this world, to be vain. A spring rises in the desert, and in time vegetation comes and an oasis is formed, with sheltering shades and spontaneous fruits, where formerly nothing was to be seen but parched sand; even so does the well-spring of a kind and bountiful heart freshen and brighten the salish waste around it, and thus at length is the whole Sahara of human society to be made green.



Part of Dauphin (Man.) Corps.





**Editorial.**

The General is coming.

Harvest Festival will be on top of all previous records.

The Toronto Congress will mark an epoch in the history of the Salvation Army in this Territory.

In the beginning of his God-planned career the General suffered much ridicule, persecution and misunderstanding, but the reformation of a legion of drunkards, the redemption of thousands of fallen girls, the conversion of innumerable sceptics and sinners, the redemption of lives formerly devoted to vice and crime—all these have now convinced the world that our beloved General is indeed a prophet of God sent to the destitute and suffering of all nations, to proclaim liberty, light, and love to the captives of sin and suffering. The mighty organization which heaven created through the genius of William Booth, in its world-wide ramifications, touches life in all its darkest forms, and while others talk, write, and speculate about the millennium, most effectively works to hasten its advent.

Many forces are at work in these days to improve the conditions of the laboring classes, to multiply comforts and luxuries of other classes, to enlighten the minds of the masses, and to bring into touch the remotest parts of the earth, while the needs of the soul are in danger of being overlooked or underestimated. It is our duty, therefore, to insist upon the people hearing our message and to be made aware of the claims of their own soul. We must awaken the people to their spiritual condition in a more determined fashion. The General's counsels will enlighten and inspire us to a more glorious conquest of the world for the Kingdom of Christ.

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## **London Camp's Victories.**

(By Wire.)

Tremendous spiritual meetings at London. God's people realizing our victories won; officers and soldiers are most enthusiastic.

On Monday, Labor Day a great open-air demonstration was held at 2:15 p.m., followed by a meeting in the tent. Another open-air demonstration was conducted at 7 p.m., followed by a grand salvation meeting. Heavy crowds were made in the evening's rally and nine prisoners were captured for the day. These week-end meetings have been the best yet. Finances were most satisfactory. Over two hundred soldiers took part in the marches, and thirteen souls came forward—Major McMillan.

### **Canadian Holdings.**

Residents in the Township of Buckingham are being terrified these days owing to the appearance of wolves. Every night they are awakened by the howls of the savage and dreaded animals. On Sunday Patrick Cosgrove and his neighbor had twelve lambs devoured by the beasts, and on Tuesday the slaughter was repeated.

The customs revenue for August was \$2,224,456, an increase over the same month last year of \$220,570.

Around Indian Head, N. W. T., an average yield of 30 bushels to the acre is estimated by the Globe's correspondent.

A big vein of natural gas was struck at Hepworth.

The supply of natural gas in Essex County is reported to be increasing.

Geoph is negotiating with the Page-Harvey Iron & Tube Company, of Montreal, to establish a large works in that city.

Henry Wm. Charles Harrold, and Joseph F. W. Wade, at Halifax, were each fined fifty cents at the Hamilton Police Court for working on Sunday.

George Jacques, a seaman on the schooner F. B. Wade, at Halifax, fell from the rigging to the deck, a distance of seventy feet, and the only injury he received was a broken nose.

Mr. Claus A. Sprueckels, of New York, is in Montreal in connection with the organization of a Canadian company, with a capital of \$500,000, to exploit the new process of sugar refining invented by Mr. Sprueckels.

Mr. Alex. Hunter, of Brussels, took a mixture containing carbolic acid in mistake for medicine. He ran to a doctor's office, where he died.

Three tons of dynamite exploded in the storehouse at Dinorwic, Man. A lot of windows were smashed in the town, but no one was hurt.

Labor Day was generally observed throughout Canada, with big demonstrations at Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg, Toronto, Hamilton, London, St. Catharines, Guelph, and Peterboro.

### **U. S. Sittings.**

The Sultan of Hindistan, who was held as a hostage by the American forces at Camp Victoria, Island of Mindanao, attempted to escape from his quarters, and was shot and killed by a soldier. The Sultan had been arrested after the recent murders of American soldiers in Mindanao.

Edward G. Tall, a blacksmith, was nominated for Congress by the Democratic Convention at Cleveland.

At Wisconsin, Minn., two persons were killed, three fatally injured, and several others hurt by a train that was blown over an embankment by a tornado.

Fourteen mines are in active operation through the anthracite coal region, and they produce for shipment about 2,500 tons each day.

Soldiers fired on the miners and hupmen at the Crane Creek, W. Va., colliery. Two guards and two strikers were killed, and several on each side wounded. Fighting also took place at Tennessee, Pa.

A new disease, "soft coal eye," is epidemic in Philadelphia.

Nearly 20,000 cases of cholera are reported in the Philippines, with 20,000 deaths.

A big company to manufacture whiskey and wine in India is being formed in Birmingham, N.Y.

In a railway wreck on the southern road, near Barry, Ala., one white man and twenty-five negroes were killed and several others injured.

Cowboys in Texas are treated like beasts of the field, and shot down on the slightest pretext, according to the report of the State investigating committee.

Soldiers of the National Guards have offended the striking coal miners in West Virginia by persuading men to quit work, and sharing their food with the families of the strikers.

### **British Briefs.**

The English birth rate is declining. The British War Office is considering a plan to reduce the expenses of cavalry officers.

Twenty-three persons were seriously injured by a collision between two passenger trains at Glasgow.

Generals Botha, DeWet, and DeMarey have returned to London from the continent. They were accompanied by Mr. Fischer.

The Boer Generals have issued a statement declaring that there is no truth in the reports of differences between themselves and Mr. Kruger, Dr. Leyds, and the Boer delegates in Durban.

Beginning Sept. 1st, the post office of Great Britain will accept parcels for transmission to the United States. The various attempts of the British Government to conclude a parcel post agreement with the United States having resulted in a failure, the British postal department has arranged this independent service.

The corporation of Dover, Eng., rejected a proposal to approach Mr. Carnegie for assistance for a public library.

Montage Holbein failed in his attempt to swim the English Channel, having to be taken out of the water about a mile from Dover.

### **International Items.**

Beneficial rains are reported in India.

Queen Wilhelmina celebrated her 51st birthday.

The Foreign Legations at Peking have received reports that the rebel lion is spreading in Szechuan Province.

Load noises and falling cinders, dust, and ashes point to another eruption of Mount Pelee.

The Belgian Humane Society will prosecute the organizers of the recent international cavalry races, for cruelty to horses.

The Dowager-Queen Margherita of Italy was arrested while driving incognito through a Swiss village, on suspicion of having stolen her carriage.

Colonel Trichard, formerly of the Boer army, and other South African delegates, are so satisfied with the result of their investigations in Malawi that they are in negotiation with the Governor, General Gallien, for the concession of a large area of agricultural and pastoral lands in the neighborhood of Lake Inani.

The French Government may consent on condition that the immigrants become naturalized and learn the French language. The Governor is favorable to the concession.

A great disaster is reported from the valley State of Nepal. The rivers Beghmati and Vishnumati overflowed their banks and caused serious landslides in the Khatmandu Valley. The cities of Bhaktagon and Patna were greatly damaged, and several hundred persons were killed.

The Sultan recently agreed to repeal the exceptional measures adopted against the Armenians if the Armenian Patriarch would guarantee that no outbreak would follow. The Patriarchal Council accordingly met and signed a document setting forth the loyalty of the Armenians, and promising tranquillity.

Experiments in wireless telephoning were successfully conducted between Samarra and Kolberg, Pomerania, a distance of 165 miles.

Sanato-Dumont is building a ship to carry eight persons.

Mr. James Kent states that the Pacific cable will be worked between Canada and Australia by Christmas.

Sir Wilfred Laurier and Hon. W. Fielding were entertained at lunch by President Loubet, of France.

The Shah has gone to Paris.

The Australian House of Representatives has rejected all the important suggestions made by the Senate in changes in the tariff.

Russia's industries are in bad shape, and many failures are reported.

An explosion occurred at Cherbourg on board the French submarine boat La Francaise. Several men were injured.

Signor Zanardelli, the Italian Premier, is seriously ill.

It is reported that 200 lives were lost by another eruption of Mount Pelee on a recent Saturday night.

A steaming engine crashed on a train conveying refugees to Johannesburg. The front cars were wrecked, and a number of women and children were killed.

The British transport Statendam sailed from Bermuda for Cape Town with 1,900 Boers, who had been prisoners in the detention camps on the islands.

Eighteen vessels were driven ashore in a gale at Fort Rimbach, Africa. It is feared there has been some loss of life.

## **Territorial News.**

We draw still nearer to the vision of our dear General. A few more weeks and he will be in our midst. These weeks are the best of our lives. Amid the responsibilities and duties of his position the General has ever kept his eyes upon the cross and the soul-saving purposes of his great organization. In this Territory he has been eagerly sought by the Salvationists who are with him in the battle, who love the light, the flag, and love their dear General well. To be permitted to look into his face, and hear him bless the world, is a privilege that our hearts throughout this Territory will never cease to appreciate.

We are able to say this week of the health of Lieut. Colonel Mrs. and is much improved. No one is looking forward to her return to the front more eagerly than the Colonel himself. A continuance of the prayers of our comrades is asked for a complete restoration.

Ever this is in print the new and of Canada will be in training. The Capt. and Mrs. Stanton have had their hands full during late weeks with the necessary preparations. Two new houses have been leased in addition to our own building on George St. for their accommodation. The new Training Home in course of erection will be appreciated when ready, as well as imagined, the foundation of which is already laid.

City corps are making the most of the two weeks during the Toronto Exhibition. Last Sunday was a great day. A very large crowd was present at the Temple, open-air and under cover. One man leapt in the open-air and cried for deliverance, and three others did the same in the inside meeting.

We have received numerous requests for songs to be published in the War Cry and would have our readers be patient. We shall be ready to comply with all the petitions in account of some of the songs have quite unknown to us. In any case, some, when possible, should be fully written out and despatched on the request. We think we have a knowledge of songs, but to print them would be egotistical.

We have the sad news that Mrs. Andrews has just died for the bereaved in the

Adit Turpin, the J. the Eastern Province move in the interests The Eastern Star to extensive tour for his part of the Province.

Capt. Stobbs, the we are sorry to say, satisfactory state of hoped, however, that weeks will find her

Major Turner paid furlough, and reports as "all right" in that ritory.

Three hundred men were saved in Army Eastern Province during

Nearly sixty captives for the next 30. This large number of offering their lives for God in the ranks of tremely gratifying.

The children of the Oakville is a thing of Capt. Cregerton and ers, who have tolled last six weeks to ensure to so great a number of Toronto's children Headquarters with smiling faces. A groomed, paying a visit day previous to his as his opinion that price was the best of the same gentleman for he had traveled

A very encouragingly interesting letter from Adit. Dean, of From it the following given up:

"The country is H. F. will be O. K. no fear for our target have been some here. Two weeks ago last five and six o'clock, storm of the kind and I have no doubt Fancy seeing Lieutenants at the window I to them to keep the the glass. The ha ha eggs, and the ground for fifteen of the heat before the air it seemed very

All the Headquarters retraced from the tremely beneficial, now overwhelmed with torments of the salvat victory. But force and their complexion most a nut-brown them all admirably

Commissioner King the Diamond F. with encouraging letters from many of the mark been obliterated, b of the houses we holes not intend while the outside supply cartridges rack have been sleg were obliged to fin this, strange to a where, under the General. Baden-Pow were turned into r marvelous sausage has been refitted u from which I have found spirit Hallelujah!

The Commission attended by big a good sprinkling of souls surrendere Kings.

## **South.**

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We have the sad news that Ensign Andrews has just lost his father. Pray for the bereaved in this hour of trial.

Adj. Turpin, the J. S. Secretary for the Eastern Province, keeps on the move in the interests of the J. S. war. The Eastern Star to hand shows an extensive tour for him in the eastern part of the Province.

Capt. Stobbs, the Eastern Cashier, we are sorry to say, is in a very unsatisfactory state of health. It is hoped, however, that with care a few weeks will find her fully rested.

Major Turner paid a visit to the Eastern Province during his short furlough, and reports the salvation war as "all right" in that part of the Territory.

Three hundred and thirteen souls were saved in Army meetings in the Eastern Province during July.

Nearly sixty Cadets have been accepted for the next session of training. This large number of men and women offering their lives for the service of God in the ranks of the S. A. is extremely gratifying.

The children's Fresh Air Camp at Oakville is a thing of the past. Staff Capt. Creighton and his worthy helpers, who have toiled there during the last six weeks to give as much pleasure to so great a number of the poorest of Toronto's children, have graced Headquarters with their tired, but smiling, faces. A gentleman well informed, paying a visit to the camp a day previous to its breaking up, gave as his opinion that the whole enterprise was the best he had seen, and the same gentleman was an authority for he had traveled far.

A very encouraging, as well as highly interesting letter has been received from Adj. Dean, of Jamestown, N.D. From it the following extract has been given us:

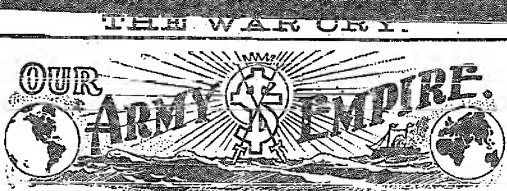
"The country is looking splendid. H. P. will be O. K. this year. I have no fear for our target, although there have been some heavy hail storms. Two weeks ago last Sunday, between five and six o'clock, it hailed—the first storm of the kind I have ever seen, and I have no desire to see another. Fancy seeing Lieutenant and I standing at the window holding pillows up to them to keep the hail from breaking the glass. The hail was as big as hens' eggs, and they stayed on the ground for fifteen or twenty minutes; the heat before the storm was terrible. It seemed very strange to me."

All the Headquarters Staff have been returned from their short, but extremely beneficial, furloughs, and are now overwhelmed with work in the interests of the salvation war in the Territory. Pale faces have disappeared and their complexions have become almost a nut-brown, which becomes them all admirably.

### South Africa.

Commissioner Kilbey has been visiting the Diamond Fields and Mafeking, with encouraging results. In the latter famous little town he found that many of the marks of the siege had been obliterated, but not all. Several of the houses were perforated with holes not intended for ventilation, while the outskirts were strewn with empty cartridges. The old Army barracks have been so damaged by shell-fire during the siege that our comrades were obliged to find a new hall; and this, strange to say, is the building where, under the superintendency of General Baden-Powell, captured horses were turned into rich, meaty soup and marvellous sausages and brawn! It has been refitted up, and is now a centre from which many hungry souls have found spiritual life and salvation. Hallelujah!

The Commissioner's meetings were attended by big audiences, including a good sprinkling of soldiers, and ten souls surrendered to the King of Kings.



### Great Britain.

The Chalk Farm Band recently did something new. The British Cry tells us:

"The bandmen of Chalk Farm, visit Scotland, did a grand tour by way of recreation, and returned to London last week after an absence of practically eleven days."

"Traveling from Greenock, the band was given a splendid reception on arriving at Glasgow, the last stop of the tour, where the final meeting took place in the Glasgow City Hall."

"Packed and crowded to the doors as it was, with people standing where they could, there was yet sufficient room for a display of Scottish Salvation enthusiasm, which somewhat surprised the more staid and sedate Englishmen."

"A two-hours' musical evening was given by the bandmen, for so designated was the huge audience that it was found necessary to supplement the usual nightly program. Rendered more vivid it was a considerable tax upon the players, and was a fitting conclusion to a unique and successful tour."

"The bandmen were 'welcomed home' by the soldiers of their corps on their return."

"The Chalk Farm Band and its enterprising Bandmaster deserving credit for discovering a pleasurable and profitable way of spending a holiday. Let us hope they will have imitators."

Adj. Maltby, well-known in Canada, and now in command of a corps in the States, is visiting England.

Two Field Officers—Lieut. Smith, of Longton, and Lieut. Melville, of Skipton—have been accepted for service in Italy, and leave at once for their new field of labor.

During four consecutive weeks Ensign Richards, of the Poultry Farm at the Land and Industrial Colony, has despatched 1 to South Africa alone stock to the value of \$625, \$429, \$400, and \$500 respectively.

### United States.

Our first Scandinavian Social institution in America has just been opened—a home for Scandinavians in Brooklyn. It is a valuable addition to the properties of the Salvation Army, embracing, in addition to the Home, a beautiful large hall, with officers' quarters. The whole thing is in first-class style.

There are seventeen bed-rooms, a large reading-room, and a very fine dining-hall, with kitchen. The large auditorium has a seating capacity of seven hundred.

This institution will certainly fill a pressing need, and will prove a harbor-light to our Scandinavian sailor-boys, who frequent this port in great numbers every week.

### Australasia.

Fifty-nine Cadets were recently commissioned by Colonel Peart in Australia. Two lassie Cadets received marching orders for Java.

Colonel and Mrs. Peart, at present in command of New Zealand, are under marching orders, and, with their family, will likely be sailing from Melbourne early in September for parts at present unknown. Arrangements are being made whereby the Colonel will have an opportunity of conferring with the Foreign Secretary on his arrival in Melbourne, and he will, therefore, be present at the reception meeting. After this an early boat will be caught for other parts.

Associated with Colonel Estlin's farewell question of a successor naturally presents itself, and International Headquarters have agreed to the appointment of Lieut. Colonel Gilmour.

The Colonel has been identified with T. H. Q. in Melbourne for upwards of five years, during which time he has rendered efficient and faithful service. The Colonel is an officer of long standing, and he will carry to his new appointment a varied experience which will be invaluable in the important post assigned to him.

Brigadier Saunders, of Australia, has been visiting England, and the following interview with him while at the centre of Army operations will be found exceedingly interesting:

"So you have enjoyed your visit to the Old Land?"

Brigadier Saunders smiled genially. "Enjoyed it! My word! It has been an unspeakable pleasure. And I have not to know the Army, in the few weeks I have been here, as I never could have known it in Australia."

"The last time I saw the Army in the Old Land was in 1878."

"It was when the old Christian Mission name was dropped. I came up from Bradford with my spiritual father, Commissioner Dowd, as a delegate to the conference. That was the first time I saw the Chief, or Mrs. General Booth, or any of our leaders, with the exception of the General. Now I return, and it is all so immense. The advance, to me, is so marked, and the development so tremendous, that it simply overwhelms me. And whatever may be said about it, I see the same grand old principles of salvation—the theme which caught my ear and won me to God—still at the bottom of the enterprises which have come into being in the years which have intervened. Name and methods have been changed, but the old idea remains, and we can still write as our motto, 'The World for Christ.' It's the same where I come from."

Brigadier Saunders has seen a great deal of all that is to be seen in Army circles in this country, and also much on the continent, and he does not, as a rule, go about with his eyes shut. I asked him what had made the greatest impression upon his mind during his visit.

"Well," he said, with deliberation, "I have seen a good many sights. I know we were doing a great work in the various countries in which our flag is flying, but I had no conception of the greatness of it until I saw it with my own eyes. The thing that impressed me most, however, was the General's great meetings in Stockholm and elsewhere. We naturally look for crowds and enthusiasm when the General is in English-speaking countries. Believe me, we have something still to learn. That great meeting in the woods in Stockholm was an eye-opener to me. It was perfectly indescribable. As for the meeting in Amsterdam, fully two thousand people sat in the rain, listening to the General, with the water, in some places, half-way up to their knees, as unconcerned as though it were an every-day occurrence."

"We are fond enough of water in Australia, and we want it very badly indeed, but I do not think we could get our people to go as far as that."

"It was astonishing enough that they should have sat there. They did more. They came out and knelt down in the water to seek salvation, and Commissioners, Colonels, and Brigadiers splashed around in the slush, and helped them into the Kingdom."

"You've seen the Social Work, Brigadier?"

"Yes. I did not spend much time looking through the Rescue Homes—not enough, I am afraid, to pass an opinion; but what I did see was very wonderful."

"The Men's Social Work impressed me as being a real live thing. Ninety per cent of the men who have been elected, so they told me, are now earning an honest livelihood. That's a noble as well as a successful work."

"The workshops and the Shelters interested me the most, the former because of my own work, and the latter because they seem to meet the

need of the class which, as the General says, stands most in need of assistance.

"The Farm Colony I visited several times. It is a most valuable property, and it was grand to see the men at work on the land. We want fellows like those I saw in Australia."

"That reminds me. London never seems to have done growing. You see bricks and mortar everywhere. Why don't the people emigrate to the Land of the Southern Cross?"

The mail-train was ready to start. "Everyone has been kind, from the General and the Chief, with whom I had interviews, down to the Shelter Orderly. In the Army, at any rate, there is universal brotherhood."

"I am going back to Australia with a stronger faith in the future of the Salvation Army, in this end all lands."

"You must be sorry to return, Brigadier, after all you have seen?"

"Sorry!" A waving hand out of the carriage window as the train moved down the station, round the curve at the end of the platform, and disappeared from sight, was all I got by way of reply.

### India.

From India's Cry we gather the following item of interest:

"In Dhyatalawa Camp our comrades, the Boers, have had a number who have given their hearts willingly to God. Capt. Grose has had the pleasure of paying a visit to this lovely place, and experienced a time of victory."

The latest remarkable conversion at the C. N. & M. League corps is that of a Buddhist fortune-teller; he is applying to come into the work.

The British field is still giving to foreign missions. Capt. Bancroft, a clever P. O. who has long loved India, millions, sailed for Bombay last week, and Capt. Mayor, of the Women's Social Work, left for the same country on the same boat.

After five years' talk and fighting, we have now got eleven schools in the heart of Madras, where the youngest is taught to read the Scriptures. God is wonderfully using our schools to His glory. Recently special Judgment Meetings were arranged in Madras Town, and they were the best on record. Holy Ghost fire was blazing; all the soldiers and teachers were red-hot; much enthusiasm and power were present in truth. The comrades had been praying all the week for an outpouring of God's Spirit, and were not disappointed.

### Japan.

The latest issue of the Toki-no-Koro (War Cry) to hand is a special Rescue number. Two years ago a Rescue Home was opened at Tokyo, and a wide-spread agitation began against the white slavery in which the Japanese fallen girls were held, resulting in an Imperial ordinance making it possible for any girl to leave the licensed quarters, and renounce her life of shame whenever she wished to do so. The statistics gathered by a clergyman show that during the last two years, since the ordinance has been issued, no less than twenty-five per cent, or 12,000 of these girls, have left the houses of infamy.

Our Rescue Home has received 64 of these girls, sent 19 to situations or friends, assisted 24 to become married, proving only four as unsatisfactory.

Colonel and Mrs. Ballard, of Japan, have been passing through much sorrow of late. Not long ago Mrs. Ballard lost her father, and now comes the news of the death of the Colonel's father. In addition to this, the Colonel is suffering seriously with his eyes. We are sure that both he and his wife may rely upon the sympathy and prayers of our readers.

### Belgium.

Belgium is advancing under Brigadier and Mrs. Malan. Commissioner Cosandey has just conducted the Belgium Field Day, at which a stirring message from the General was read and responded to by a telegram of hearty, loyal greetings.



## FROM CORPS AND CAMPS.

## Rebuilding the Barracks

Campbellford.—Captain Clarke has undertaken to rebuild the barracks, and has succeeded so far as to get the porch rebuilt and the outside of the barracks painted. A great improvement has been made. We have had a visit from Adjutant Moore, who gave us a very interesting meeting; also our G.B.M. Agent, Captain Poole, who accompanied us to our picnic, where we had an enjoyable time. May God bless the children, and roll on our work.—R.C.

## Over the Line.

Channel.—We are glad to say, though we have been silent for some time, we are still pushing the battle forward. We have had good crowds at our meetings during the past few weeks, and our Lunenburg friends have helped us very well. Sunday was a soul-reviving day. Though a storm of wind and rain was raging in the forenoon, the afternoon and night were glorious. As we prayed and sang the Lord came very near, and our prayers were answered. One of our Lunenburg comrades stopped over the line, and found pardon through the blood. May God add His blessing and send us many more volunteers for the fight.—S.M. W.G.

## Happy Irish Sample.

Charlottetown.—Adjutant and Mrs. Crichton left on Wednesday, the 13th, followed by our prayers for victory in far-off Bermuda. Our new leaders arrived the same evening. They are Adjutant and Mrs. Dowell and Captain Tatem, besides Missie and Sister Velsot of Halifax. The Adjutant's happy Irish sample of religion is a new thing, and the crowd pronounces it good. He spoke Sunday night on "The Vacant Chair." Four souls came to Jesus, making seven for the ten days. Two open-air at Hotel Davies. Candidate Thompson resting. Ensign and Mrs. Fred Knight back to the front. Mrs. Davis, of Sydney, still here. Flying visit from Staff. H. P. right on.—H.

## Great Improvements.

Cobourg.—We are having beautiful meetings. Our new officers, Captain and Mrs. Fudge, are doing a good work here. The Lieutenant who has been with us has said farewell and taken another corps. Captain Poole gave a lantern service, entitled, "Pleading for a Life," which was one of the best the Captain has given in Cobourg. Our crowds are increasing, and the collections are keeping well up to the mark. The barracks has had quite a few alterations since our new officers arrived, and we are making great improvements all around.—A. Hornbeck, R.C.

## From the Old Country.

Dartmouth.—Treasurer Ritchie has returned from England better saved than ever. Captain Kirk and Lieutenant Wood are all right for Dartmouth. We thank God for three souls who sought and found the Saviour since last report. God is with us, and many are convicted of sin, who we are believing will seek salvation soon.—W.C. Sergt-Major Mercer.

## The Barracks was Packed.

Dovercourt.—On Monday, Aug. 18th, at our forenoon service, the Dovercourt Barracks was packed to the doors with an audience of about 250 people. Adjutant Attwell was present, ably performing the duties of chairman. Mrs. Attwell gave a short address. Captain Meeks captivated the audience with a few interesting remarks. Captain Stolliker sang a solo in the Hindon language. Adjutant Ogilvie spoke pointedly, and Brother Churchill sang "I cannot leave the dear old flag." As usual, the selections of the Thobson family were much appreciated. Lieut. Minnes, recently stationed here, sang two solos, and gave a short address. Captain

Wadge and Lieutenant Clark are tolling faithfully in this place.—Ole Ole-son.

## Fight and Win

Dresden.—We are having blessed times in our meetings. The soldiers are in good spirits, and God is blessing our efforts. We have good crowds, good collections, and best of all, sinners are coming to the blood. On Sunday we had grand meetings, and finished up at night with three souls kneeling at the cross. There was deep conviction in the meetings. We are going on to fight and win.—Maidie Lavis, Lieutenant.

## Farewell.

Eastport.—Lieutenant Newell farewelled from us on Sunday for St. John, N.B. The Lieutenant is a real blood-and-fire Salvationist, and we are sorry to lose her. She has our prayers and best wishes.—C. A. Gilman.

## Off for the United States.

Essex.—On Sunday we were reinforced by Adjutant and Mrs. David, who are on their way to an appointment in the U.S.A. The Adjutant spoke words of cheer and encouragement in the holiness meeting, and one young man came out and made a full surrender to God. There was a good spirit in the afternoon and night meetings, and one sister, who was a backslider, came home. Many others were under deep conviction, but would not yield. We are still praying for them.—E. Williams, Captain.

## Three Sought Pardon.

Fenelon Falls.—We have had the pleasure of a visit from Sergt-Major Butterill, of Yorkville, who was with us over Sunday. We appreciated his help very much. Two young girls sought and found pardon on Sunday night. On Wednesday we had our J. S. Picnic at Sturgeon Point, and everyone enjoyed themselves. On Sunday last, after a hard battle, one young man volunteered for pardon. We are believing for others.—Shorty.

## Victory after Smallpox.

Feversham.—Owing to smallpox the Feversham Circle has been without officers for some time, but through the zeal of the comrades the war has been carried on, and meetings have been held at the various appointments with some degree of success. The longlooked-for officer has arrived. In the person of Ensign Brant, who is assisted by Brother Agnew. The first Sunday's meetings were well attended. A profitable time was spent in the afternoon at Ladybank, and despite the rain at night, fair congregations attended the meetings at Feversham and Henderson's Ovens. At the latter place one backslider came back to the fold. We are believing for a soul-saving time during our stay here, and with prayer, faith and works we shall come off victorious.—T. A.

## No, Never Alone.

Goosberry Island.—Since the Cry readers last heard from us Lieutenant

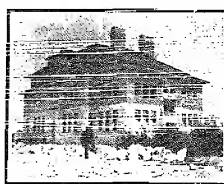


S.A. Barracks and Officers' Quarters, Dillon, Mont.

ant Oldford has farewelled and gone to the Shelter. Someone says, "Moore is alone again." No, he is not. God is with him, giving him victory. We have had the joy of seeing ten precious souls getting deliverance since last report. Read Psalm 1, 5:14.—Moore.

## A Farewell and a Good Beginning.

Halifax I.—On Tuesday night we held a united meeting and ice-cream social, it being the occasion of the final farewell of Adjutant and Mrs. Dowell and Captain Tatem. A number spoke of the Adjutant's work and mission while in this city and district. We wish them much success in their new appointment, Charlotte-town, P.E.I. On Thursday night we gave our new officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Jennings and Captain Hawbold a welcome. A good crowd was in attendance. The officers made a favorable impression, and we believe they will be successful in leading on the corps to victory. On Friday night five souls sought cleansing from all sin. We had a good day on Sunday, with two souls at the cross, fair crowds, and good collections. The War Cry are sold out.—William Caslin, Treas.



Public School, Dillon, Mont.

## Coronation Meetings.

Hamilton, Ber.—God is still keeping His soldiers fighting in this part of the field. We had good meetings on Coronation Day, and one soul came out in the afternoon. We had a nationality meeting at night. Captain Prince and some of the comrades from St. George's, were with us. All the officers, and some of the comrades, presented different countries. Captain Prince spoke on the text, "Go ye into all the world," and while the streets were thronged with people listening to the military bands, all who spent their evening in the Salvation Army had better and more lasting satisfaction. Our D.O., Adjutant Graham, is an out and out hard working Salvationist. Her whole heart and soul are in her work, and there is a warm place in the hearts of the people for her. We pray God will continue to bless her, and crown her labor with success.—A Soldier.

## A Revival Started.

Little Bay Island.—We are having glorious times. Since last report one soul sought the blessing of a clean heart, and two young men came out for salvation. Our Sergt-Major has been home for a little time. While he was absent the Lord blessed us in many ways. Splendid crowds attend our meetings, considering the number of people who are away for the summer. The finances are better than for years, and a revival has started. Lieutenant Skinner works hard for souls.—A. Oxford, C.O.

## Corps-Cadet's First Appearance.

London.—On Thursday evening, in spite of the absence of the band and the commanding officer, quite a number turned out to hear the Corps Cadets, as they made their first appearance in public. The band, with Adjutant Goodwin, went to help the comrades at St. Thomas with a special meeting. Mr. Merrick, who has just been transferred from Band of Love Sergt-Major to Corps Cadet Sergeant, was appointed, with his cadets, to lead the meeting. Our numbers were

rather small in the open-air, but a big crowd greeted us inside. The Corps numbering six, each had a special work to do, and did very well for the first time. We expect to improve in the future. Mr. Merrick has thrown his whole soul into his new work, and we believe will do all we can to instruct and help us, that we may be forth as soul-winners. He is a real believer in the salvation of the young, and delights to work among them. The camp meetings are about to start here, and we are believing for a real revival. You will be hearing from us later about this.—A Corps Cadet.

## Three Comrades Farewelled.

Midland.—We are glad to report victory, praise God! On Sunday one of our comrades farewelled from our midst. They will be missed very much. They were always ready to do what they could for the Master. Sister Stephenson is appointed treasurer to fill the vacancy left by Brother A. Craig. Three souls sought the Saviour on Sunday night, and we are believing for greater victories in the future.—C.C. Bone.

## From the Klondike.

Missoula.—On Monday night our hearts were made to rejoice over two more backsliders returning unto the Lord. Many more are under conviction, and we are still praying and believing for a bountiful harvest of souls. On Sunday night we gave Captain Wilcox, who has arrived from the Klondike, a hearty welcome. We pray that she may be a blessing to us.—J.H.P. R.C.

## A Blessed Day.

Muskratovetov.—Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. Although there was a little storm in the afternoon, yet we held on and did our best. At night God came very near, and at the close of the meeting we had the joy of seeing one backslider return to the fold. On Tuesday night we had with us Sergt-Major White from Catalina.—Common Sense.

## A Good Effect.

Orillia.—God is giving us victory. Adjutant Ogilvie spoke to us on Saturday night. One soul sought salvation. Our open-air work is having a good effect on the town, and we are believing for greater victories.—Thos. Scott, Lieutenant.

## Nine Years' Wanderings.

Nelson.—Since Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn have been here we have had nice meetings, and one, who has been a backslider over nine years, has been won for the Master. We had a visit from Ensign Sheard, who has gone to Fernie. We also held our Picnic, when about sixty of the comrades sat down and did justice to the good things that were provided for them. Several of the senior soldiers helped all they could to make it a success. Altogether, we had a real good time, and I believe everyone enjoyed themselves. I just managed to get there before it was all over, and it did me good to see the little ones romping around the park. The ice cream was delicious, and much enjoyed. We are still praying that God may bring the little ones to Himself.—White Wings.

## Converts Taking their Stand.

North Bay.—Prayer and faith do bring the victory. The fight has been somewhat hard, but victory has come at last. During the past week we have had the joy of seeing eight precious souls surrender themselves to God. I praise His name! Yesterday we had a good day. In our holiness meeting two young men sought Christ, and again in the night meeting God's power was manifested in the salvation of three others, one of whom was a backslider. The comrades are all on fire, and the converts are taking their stand both on the platform and in the open-air. We are believing in a revival of God's work in our midst.—E. M.

## He Will Guide You.

Wheatville.—We were glad to Staff-Capt. Howell with us for Sunday and Sunday. His visit was very enjoyed. One Senior and Juniors came to Jesus. God them! Our dearest sympathy out to our comrade, Secretary Person, whose mother has passed away to the better land. She was missed in the home, but our Father who cares for the little sparrows notes each tiny flower will watch the bereaved ones and guide footsteps as each day brings nearer the home where mother and their coming.—B. and W.

## Always on the Move.

Ottawa.—The Salvation Army ways on the move to advance the interests of the Kingdom of God. It is so with the Ottawa Corps. We had a rousing musical and vocal meeting, and a great number of souls were by the different comrades. A crowd was present and enjoyed selves very much, especially the ice cream and cake were a great treat. Ensign Bloss has just visited district, and Lieut. Soward has arrived to assist. On Sunday the band, with Ensign Bloss, of Richmond, a place about twenty miles from here, held two rousing vation meetings. The hall was full, and a deep interest was taken in the services. The meetings were conducted by Ensign Bloss, assisted by Lieut. Soward and a local Major Webster. We had a pleasant time to our souls as we tasted the Salvation seed, and our souls were deeply convicted.—French, Cor.

## Husband and Wife Saved.

Parry Sound.—Since leaving place I thought a few words of regard to the work might be of interest. During the few weeks I was here, in spite of the difficulties arose on account of the difference in the grades being away, God blessed efforts, and we have been able to rejoice over two dear souls' salvation. Husband and wife were Salvationists some years. They have returned to their place taken up the cross where they left it down. It was also my privilege of Brother and Sister Hiram sides, in God and the Army. The people were very kind, and I believe Parry Sound comrades will yet rejoice over sinners at the May God bless them and the future in their future work.—per, Captain.

## "Everything's Up."

Pilley's Island.—Hello! I hear now at Pilley's Island? I hear one saying a while ago that Salvation Army was dying out here.

## "Dying out? Oh, no! Talk."

lively Corps. If you could have the soldiers last night you would thought so, too." "Whv, what's up?" "Oh, everything's up. Cor has come at last, and we have blessed time. Although it was wet, we had showers of which must naturally follow efforts of a band of men men whose hearts God has and filled with His love. long march we wended our the hall. Our banners were appropriate and patriotic, one being "God Save the King." We were meeting the Court. Captain ordered a halt, and tional Anthem was played with cornet and flute. Our friend, Mr. Wm. Garland, Leavur and J.P., gave a stirring address and spoke well of the May God richly bless him! cheers were given for Queen and country. Our singing was all that could be desired. Capt. Gave a running ment on the S.A. work in lands. The hall was packed, and the band of Captain Grace and Lieutenants are alive to the possibilities place, and are determined high advances this summer.—Tilley.

## At Rondeau Park.

Ridgetown.—Wednesday was the day set apart for a picnic at the Rondeau Park eleven miles away. Although

## He Will Guide You.

Westville.—We were glad to have Staff-Capt. Howell with us for Saturday and Sunday. His visit was greatly enjoyed. One Senior and two Juniors came to Jess's. God bless them! Our deepest sympathy goes out to our comrade, Secretary Patterson, whose mother has passed away to the better land. She will be missed in the home, but our Father Who cares for the little sparrow and notes each tiny flower will watch over the bereaved ones and guide their footsteps as each day brings them nearer the home where mother awaits their coming.—B. and W.

## Always on the Move.

Ottawa.—The Salvation Army is always on the move to advance the interests of the Kingdom of God. This is so with the Ottawa Corps. We have had a rousing musical meeting. Instrumental and vocal solos were given by the different comrades. A large crowd was present and enjoyed themselves very much, especially when the ice cream and cake were served. Ensign Bloss has just visited the district, and Lieut. Seward has arrived to assist. On Sunday the brass band, with Ensign Bloss, visited Richmond, a place about twenty miles from here, and held two rousing salvation meetings. The hall was packed, and a deep interest was taken in the services. The meetings here were conducted by Ensign Bloss, assisted by Lieut. Seward and Sergeant Webber. We had a rich and blessed time to our souls as we scattered the Salvation seed, and many souls were deeply convicted.—A. French, Cor.

## Husband and Wife Saved.

Parry Sound.—Since leaving this place I thought a few words with regard to the work might be of interest. During the few weeks I spent here, in spite of the difficulties that arose on account of the different comrades being away, God blessed our efforts, and we have been able to rejoice over two dear souls seeking salvation, husband and wife, who have returned to their post and taken up the cross where they laid it down. It was also my privilege to dedicate Matilda, the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Hiram Whitesides, to God and the Army. The people were very kind, and I believe the Parry Sound comrades will yet be able to rejoice over sinners at the cross. May God bless them and the new officers in their future work.—J. L. Laper, Captain.

## "Everything's Up."

Pileys Island.—Hello! What's up now at Pileys Island? I heard someone saying a while ago that the Salvation Army was dying out in this place.

"Dying out? Oh, no! This is a lively Corps. If you could have seen the soldiers last night you would have thought so, too."

"Why, what's up?"  
"Oh, everything's up. Corotation has come at last, and we have had a blessed time. Although it was a little wet, we had showers of blessing, which must naturally follow the united efforts of a band of men and women whose hearts God has touched and filled with His love. After a long march we wended our way to the hall. Our banners were very appropriate and patriotic, one of them being 'God Save the King.' Just as we were nearing the Court House the Captain ordered a halt, and the National Anthem was played with the concert and fife. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Wm. Garland, Sub-Collector and J.P., gave a stirring address and spoke well of the Army. May God richly bless him! Three cheers were given for us, and a Queen of our country. Our inside meeting was all that could be desired. Our beloved Captain gave a running comment on the S.A. work in foreign lands. The hall was packed to excess, and the finances were good. Captain Brace and Lieutenant James are alive to the possibilities of this place, and are determined on some big advances this summer.—Chas. V. Tilley.

## At Rondeau Park.

Ridgeway.—Wednesday, August 20, was the day set apart for our annual picnic at the Rondeau Park, some eleven miles away. Although the

morning was not very bright, and rain was threatening, nevertheless quite a number met at the barracks at eight o'clock, and at half past eight some forty-six Seniors and Juniors started off for their outing. We all enjoyed ourselves, as the day turned out fine. We met the officers and comrades from Blenheim, and went in to make a lively time for the little ones—and they had it. We are having good times in our Corps. The Lord is indeed with us, and we believe souls will be brought to God. Harvest Festival is now on, and we are going in to make it a grand success. You will hear from us later.—S. O. H., C.O.

## Convicted and Converted.

Seal Cove.—The past week has been one of blessing to our souls. On Sunday much of God's power was felt, and sinners were convicted of sin. On Wednesday night God came to our help, and a dear sister cried for mercy. On Thursday night we had a blessed time. Adjt. J. Gosling, our worthy D.O., and three other officers of the District, were with us. We had an enrolment and dedication. Sinners were convicted and our own souls blessed.—M. N., C.O.

## Showers of Blessing.

Seakirk.—We are still having good times here, and God is blessing our efforts. We had Lieut. Bristow and Bro. Bowring from Winnipeg for special the last week-end, and although the weather was unfavorable the windows of heaven were opened and the blessing of God was showered upon us all. We are going in to get a greater hold upon God, and are hailing to see His work revived.—Lieut. W. J. Mansell.

## A Good School.

South-West Arm.—We are having good times here, and souls are getting saved. We had a grand time on Sunday, from seven in the morning until the meeting closed at night. One soul sought salvation. The soldiers are all on fire. We are getting on well with the day school. God bless Captain Cave! We are believing for greater victory through the blood of Christ.—Annie Elworth.

## Blessings Through the War Cry.

Shearstown.—During the past two weeks two souls have sought and found pardon. Although many of our comrades are away and the work is a little hard here during the summer, yet we believe through much prayer and faith and hard work many will be won for the Master. The people of Shearstown are very much interested in the War Cry and Young Sol-

dier. One lady bought a War Cry and Young Soldier, and when she read the story of "What a Song Did," she said, "Captain, be sure and keep the next one for me." Another lady said "Captain, I've often been blessed through reading the War Cry." You can depend upon me, Mr. Editor, doing my best to push the War Cry.—L. Hobbitch, Captain.

## Ten at the Mercy-Seat.

Springhill.—We are having wonderful times, and souls are getting saved. On Sunday, Aug. 10th, Ensign and Mrs. Cooper and Lieut. Parsons favoured. We wish them success in their new appointment. On Tuesday, the 11th, at 6.30 p.m., Ensign and Mrs. Williams arrived, and received a hearty welcome. On Friday we had the pleasure of seeing ten souls at the mercy-seat. God is wonderfully blessing us. We are having large crowds, and are looking forward for greater things in the near future.—Sergt. W. R. Grant.

## London League of Mercy.

Last Thursday night an unusually interesting meeting was held in the Citadel under the auspices of the League of Mercy sisters. For some time past the sisters have been busy making a fancy quilt, which they intended to sell, devoting the proceeds to help them in their work.

In connection with the sale of the quilt a special programme had been arranged. Mr. John Merritt, an honorary member of the League, took the chair. The League of Mercy sisters, eight in number, were all dressed in their blue uniform and hallelujah bonnets, and in addition wore white sashes, making a very pretty effect indeed. They looked like veritable angels of mercy, and no doubt have proved themselves such as they have visited the poor and suffering in our city.

They took the head of the march, led by Adjt. Goodwin, who also wore a white cash and carried a small white banner with a red cross in the centre.

An appreciative audience had gathered in the Citadel, where short addresses were given by several members of the League. The first to speak was Mrs. Jarvis, known in the League as "Lieutenant" Jarvis. Lieutenant Jarvis is one of the most faithful workers in this branch of our work, visiting regularly the different institutions of the city. Mrs. Ford, another enthusiastic worker, also told of the good work God was enabling

them to do. Mrs. Ford takes a particular interest in visiting the jail. Mrs. Norfolk gave a short reading, and then the "Captain" of the League was called upon. Mrs. Andrews was greeted with a rousing volley as she stepped forward, looking ten years younger in her hallelujah bonnet, so her husband, the Sergeant-Major, declared she rightly deserves the title of "Captain," given her by her colleagues. In winter or summer, sunshine or rain, "Captain" Andrews is at her post of duty, visiting the different homes in the city, and with her motherly smile and "God bless you," bringing cheer to many a downcast soul.

Father Ford delighted the audience with a song sung in his own original style. He was loudly encored. Adjt. and Mrs. Orchard, who were in the city for a few days, were present. Mrs. Orchard gave a very realistic recitation, entitled "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and was enthusiastically applauded. Adjt. Goodwin sang an original song, composed by herself for the occasion. Major McMillan, who was present incognito, closed the meeting with prayer. After the meeting ice cream and cake were served. A good sum was realized out of the proceeds of the quilt and meeting, which was passed over to the League of Mercy fund. "Amen Dies."

## "Lost in Sight of the Golden Gate."

Stratford.—They are hurrying for the front seats." This is what an observer would have said had he stood on the street on Sunday at 8 p.m. Staff-Capt. Munton with his vocal talent, Staff-Capt. Burditt with his sledge-hammer blow, and Capt. Urquhart with his musical talent, had succeeded in gathering the largest open-air attendance seen here for years. The meetings all day on Sunday were significant of the power from on high. The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time, and the afternoon meeting closed with one prisoner of war—a beautiful case of contrition and assurance. At the night meeting, Staff-Capt. Burditt's subject was "Lost in Sight of the Golden Gate," his portrayal of Agrippa having a telling effect upon the audience. When the prayer meeting commenced four young people sought and found the Saviour. The specials leave to-morrow (too soon). The work has just commenced, and we wish they would stay another week. Stratford is determined to fight on.—Josh. Bateman, S.M.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors.



Members of League of Mercy, London, Ont., Adjutant Goodwin in Charge.



## EASTERN HARVESTERS.

Marvelous Times at St. John III.—  
Seventy-Two at the Cross.

The St. John III. comrades have been especially noted throughout the East for their earnestness and zeal in the ranks of the Salvation Army. When the Army opened fire at this end of the city some seventeen years ago it would almost appear that the devil was having full charge, especially of the young folks. Many young men and women seemed to be going headlong to hell, in spite of the efforts of their Christian parents. The Army uniform and marching attracted their attention and drew them in off the streets, and amid much opposition the Army fought its way through until to-day this is one of the best Corps in the East, has a good number of soldiers and many friends, and there is a grand opportunity for God and the salvation of souls.

It was at this Corps that the troops, led on by Ensign McElheney, who is so well known and so much respected here, had the privilege of fighting for about fifteen days and witnessing some marvelous conversions. Many opportunities were many, consequently the responsibility great. Ensign and Mrs. Knight being away on a much-needed rest, the local officers and soldiers rallied to our help. In spite of the hot weather and the many outside attractions, the barracks was nicely filled on several occasions, there being two thousand one hundred and seventy people at the seventeen indoor meetings. The soldiers deserve much credit for the way in which they came out to the open-air meetings, there being an attendance of five hundred and eighty-six at twenty-four meetings. God wonderfully blessed us in those meetings. Many hardened sinners were broken up, backsliders felt their need of Christ, and, thanks be to God, we had the joy of seeing forty-six souls seeking salvation and twenty-six holiness. The city authorities are very kind indeed in permitting the Army to hold open-air meetings in the Brockwood park. We therefore grasped the opportunities, and made the best of them in the interests of God's Kingdom, holding an open-air meeting at the Park each Sunday afternoon, and also one on Coronation Day. These open-air are proving a great blessing to many souls, and the salvation of some, praise God! We also had some very profitable open-air meetings on Colburn street on the Saturday night.

The Corps is in a good condition, and we bespeak a successful stay for Ensign and Mrs. W. Thompson, the new officers, who have just taken charge. We are leaving No. III. much blessed and encouraged, and desire to thank all the friends for their kindness to us while here. May the Lord continue to bless the Corps. We now say good-bye to No. III. and start our campaign at No. 1—Farmer Town.

## Coronation Day at Bermuda.

We were very pleased to have the Rev. Mr. Brown, of the A.M.E. Church, on our platform at St. George's on Monday night. Our reverend brother is a lover of the Army, having seen its operations in the West Indies, and also having read a good deal about its work. He chose his text from the Book of Joshua, "She bound the scarlet thread in the window," and in an earnest and eloquent address urged the people present to seek salvation through the Blood of Christ. The Captain had arranged a meeting for Thursday, which she styled "A Week of Salvation." All who got saved on the same day of the week had to stand up together and sing or speak. Sunday's converts were very much in evidence as regards numbers. On Coronation Day the Salvation Army had determined to hold a special meeting in Hamil-

ton, and St. George's Corps journeyed down to take part in it.

## The Nationality Meeting.

While everyone was celebrating the crowning of King Edward, the Salvation Army determined to make a special effort to impress the crowds with the claims of the King of kings, and get them to crown him King of their hearts and lives. A Nationality meeting was arranged, and various people told off to represent different countries and appear in appropriate costumes. The police had warned them not to march along the chief street, as they feared a disturbance might take place, and though the band could not go, yet no one could object to their walking along the streets in their costumes. So Misses Japan, India and Canada and Mr. John Bull, walked quietly along front St., and by-and-bye were joined by a quaint couple who represented Uncle Sam and Fraulein Germany. They attracted a good deal of attention as they passed through the crowds, and presently the band met them and an open-air was held, and everyone invited to come along to the indoor meeting.

## The platform contained many

Queer-Looking People

that night, and it augured well for a more interesting time. To commence with, five young ladies representing Japan, Germany, Ireland, Canada and India stood up with flags in their hands and sang that they meant to fight and live and die for Jesus. Then Uncle Sam rose and spoke of the work of the Army in the United States, and from his account it would appear that the Army is going on well there. Mrs. Sam and a cooie from Ganges' banks sang a duet about the old Corps that brought them to the fold. The cooie knows how to play a guitar. The fraulein from the Fatherland sang her national air and spoke of her country. She waxed quite enthusiastic about the Junior brass band in Berlin, which was a thing she thought no other country could boast of.

"Oh, but see what a musical nation the Germans are!" said the D.O. "We could do with more brass in India," murmured the Hindoo.

A Boer from the Orange Free State came forward holding a British flag in his hand, and sang a solo in Dutch. He spoke of his firm determination to become an Army officer and procure salvation to his countrymen when he got back to South Africa. The lady from the land of the maple spoke of that country, and would have liked to speak all night if she had been allowed, but the stern D.O. limited her to a brief account. The Hindoo gave a description of work in India, from which it would seem that Army officers are limited in their dietary to curry and rice. Monsieur Francois soloed in his own language, but nobody could sing the chorus except the D.O., who has been in the French-Catholic work. The colleen from Erin's Isle thought that Irish people were very warm-hearted, and also hoped they would all give their hearts to God. John Bull, perceiving very much through the heat and being wrapped in a large Union Jack, spoke briefly on England, and the meeting was concluded by the five aforesaid ladies singing "Round, Round the World."

## NEXT WEEK!

SPECIAL  
HARVEST FESTIVALNUMBER  
OF THE  
WAR CRY.

SAME PRICE.

## HOLINESS!

WHAT IT IS AND IS NOT.

If sin may be called the disease of the soul or heart, then salvation means the cure of it, and holiness the making whole—wholesome—of the heart.

There is much silly and obscure talk about holiness: many books supposed to explain it only muddle the reader and get him into a hopeless tangle.

Holiness, in the first place, is not perfection. It was never meant to stand for it. A very imperfect man may be holy.

Holiness is not a state in which it becomes impossible to sin. The choice of obeying God is our own; moment by moment we may obey or disobey.

Holiness does not save us from temptations, which generally come with fiercer power at times to assail than to the sinner.

Holiness does not save us from making mistakes of judgment at times, although it lessens mistakes.

Holiness does not prevent the devil from suggesting evil thoughts in a subtle way which makes it appear that the thought arose within the heart. If the suggestion is repulsed and the mind rejects such evil thoughts, neither dwelling nor acting upon them, then such thoughts become powerless to harm or stain our soul.

Holiness ever strives after perfection, seeking to work out the image of Christ in thought, words, appearance and action.

Holiness is a state where sin is quickly recognized, and in which there is no predisposition to sin; therefore sin is avoided easier.

Holiness helps us to triumph over temptation; in the fiercest assault it finds an effective weapon in the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

Holiness quickens our judgment and helps us to see clearer and understand easier.

Holiness meditates upon spiritual themes, delights in the law of God, and seeks to fully grasp God's messages.

Holiness makes a man to live a spiritual life in a natural way, and not in a forced, likesome manner.

Holiness helps a man to enjoy religion instead of enduring it.

## WALKED WITH GOD.

"Enoch walked with God." (Gen. v., 22, 24.) This means that Enoch accorded with God. "Can two work together except they be agreed?" (Amos iii., 3.) Holiness means harmony with God. A holy walk is the habit of agreeing with God. To walk in the light, as God is in the light, signifies an identity in the essential element of our daily habit with the essential element of God's eternal being—which is holiness. Thus do we realize unbroken fellowship with Him. And thus do we perpetually experience cleanness from all sin. Enoch had this experience and lived this life upon earth for three hundred years before his translation. The Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, says that Enoch pleased God for three hundred years. To walk with God means, according to the Hebrew, to please Him. So in the New Testament epistle to the Hebrews we are told of this Old Testament saint that "before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God."



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer queries about religious troubles and perplexities, or regarding points of interest in the majority of readers. Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is made, it should be given quite confidentially, as we are not to be held responsible for any action taken by you. We will not print your name in full, but all answers are given in good faith.

Sister N. Question.—Why should an individual of mature years and saved from sin not be able to read even doubtful books without harm to her, if she can learn by it to understand life better. Is not the mind meant to choose that which is good out of a book?

A. To keep your mind pure you must avoid reading anything that would make it unholily. Impure reading suggests impure thoughts; impure thoughts produce impure conversation; impure conversation entices to pure acts. To keep your mind pure avoid reading:

I. Sensational newspapers which go into the revolting details of crimes.

II. Any book which has no other object than to interest and amuse.

III. We strongly recommend that every Corps have a library for the use of soldiers and friends, and that only such books as are approved of by a thoroughly competent person or by T.H.Q. be used.

## THE CHRISTIAN SHAREHOLDER.

A certain mining company was coming to grief. The shareholders would sustain very heavy losses. Among them was one much liked for his genial ways and kindness of heart. One who was in the secrets of the company determined to advise him to sell out. He went to see him and hinted that it would be to his advantage to sell quickly.

"Why?" asked Mr. N.—  
"Well, you know, the value of the mines is greatly depreciated."

"When I bought the shares I took the risk."

"Yes, but now you should take the opportunity of selling while you can, so as not to lose anything."

"And supposing I don't sell, what then?"

"Then you will probably lose all you have."

"And if I do sell somebody else will lose instead of me?"

"Yes, I suppose."

"Do you suppose Jesus Christ would sell out?"

"That is hardly a fair question. I suppose He would not."

"I am a Christian," said Mr. N.—  
"I wish to follow my Master; therefore I shall not sell."

He did not, and soon after lost everything, and had to beg his life again; but when men in that part want to point out a Christian, they know where to find one.—The Island.

## Seven Souls for the Week.

St. John II.—And is indeed with us. Three precious souls came to Jesus last night, making seven for the week. Some of them have already taken their place in our ranks. Since that report we had our picnic, which the children enjoyed very much. Capt. Anderson and her Lieutenant have things booming in good shape. The Captain asked for a special collection on Sunday night, and got it, with the promise of a cooking stove heater. The next day will be Harvest Festival. We have only seventy dollars to get. Brigadier Sharp is a generous-hearted soul. God bless him! We are going to get our seventy, all right—A. Cran, Secy.

## Stirring

THE FLAG OF L

Tune.—No other argument.  
Oh, wrenth that flag across,  
And let the nation  
Our Army council dress,  
To set poor sinners

Chorus.  
Oh, wrenth that flag across,  
The cross of Calvary  
Twill lead the world  
To set poor sinners  
The flag of liberty.

Oh, let it star of glory  
In hearts of sinners  
Revealing life that is  
Dispelling gloom and  
Oh, let its crimson line  
The blood that cleans  
Shed by the precious Lamb  
For whose love with.

Oh, let its border, blue  
The purity of heaven  
So gloriously bestowed  
Whom Jesus has for

## SWEET IS THE M

Tune.—Jesus is looking  
Is there a heart that  
Longing for pardon  
Hear the glad mes-

ing.  
Jesus is passing  
Is there a heart that  
Come with thy burden  
Mercy is tenderly  
Jesus is passing this

Chorus.  
Jesus is looking  
Jesus is looking  
Sweet is the mes-  
Jesus is looking

Is there a heart that  
Weary, and sighing  
Come to the arms of  
Pillow thy head on  
Come to thy Holy Rede-  
Come to His infinite  
Come to the gate that  
Homeward to man-

## BRINGING ALL T

Tune.—I left it all  
161.

3 I bring my heart to  
fears,  
With its hopes and  
Him it seeks, and find  
Him it loves, and joy  
Walking with my Sa-  
heart,  
None can

I bring my life to Jesus  
And before His foot-  
Faded are its treasures  
It is not worth living  
More than life is  
peace,  
Ne'er to cease.

I bring my sins to Jesus  
That His blood will  
away.  
While I seek for favor  
And with tears I  
past.  
He doth take me plain  
And forgives.

I bring my all to Jesus  
Now my soul dearest  
Nothing from His altar  
To His cross of suffer-  
And the fire descend  
Liberty.

## HELP ME FOLL

Tune.—Saviour, Thou  
us.

4 Lord, Thou know  
Day by day to  
'Midst the duties  
ing.





# OUR HOSTLERS HONOR ROLL

The East Again—Major Turner to See  
Watched—Lieut. Currell Victorious  
—A New Competitor—The  
Tip-Toppers.

The East does well, as usual. They  
have got established in righteousness,  
I hope. Let Brigadier Sharp beware  
that they fall not from their high es-  
tate.

Just you watch very carefully now.  
That Major Turner, the naughty man,  
is bound to take a rise out of Briga-  
dier Pickering, sure as taxes. He's  
set himself the task of defeating Nig-  
ger, under whose beaming eye he  
spent many happy years of his life.  
Oh, ingratitude, what crimes are com-  
mitted in thy name! Let me avert  
my eyes lest they behold the tragic  
scene!

Lieut. Carrell, whose days in Ham-  
ilton are surely numbered, at last  
comes again, though Lieut. West  
has "climb" up magnificently. The  
Lieutenant evidently intends to leave  
his name on the scroll of fame in the  
Ambitious City.

Well done indeed, Lieut. West!  
You've sprung into prominence at  
last, I'll be as proud of you as I  
am of Lieut. Currell, and she is cer-  
tainly a beauty.

Still hearing from the last Dawson  
contingent. Well done, my faithful  
friends! You are keeping it up to  
the bitter end.

The tin-horn boomers are LIET.  
CURRELL, HAMILTON, 350; Lieut.  
West, London, 340; Lieut. Duncan,  
St. John I., 235; Lieut. Moore, Syd-  
ney, 220, and Lieut. Langley, Burling-  
ton, 200. Such a crowd of Lieuten-  
ants I never did see!

## Eastern Province.

Lieut. B. Duncan, St. John I.	235
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	220
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	185
Ensign Carter, Westville	150
P. S. M. Cashin, Halifax	123
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	130
Mrs. Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	120
Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay	113
Capt. March, Liverpool	110
Bessie Bartlett, Eastport	110
Capt. Prince, St. George's	103
Lieut. Copland, St. John I.	103
Sergt. Brewer, Halifax I.	100
Ensign Carter, Westville	100
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	100
Lieut. H. White, North Sydney	100
Mrs. Ena, Thompson, St. Stephen	100
Sergt. Major Flood, Hamilton	100
Lieut. Gilmartin, Chatham	90
Capt. Murrough, St. John V.	90
Lieut. Thistle, Calais	90
Capt. Hawbold, Halifax I.	83
Lieut. Clark, Backville	83
Julia Lidston, Glace Bay	80
Capt. Percy, Paresboro	80
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Amherst	70
Lieut. Gullbank, Annapolis	70
C. C. Bishop, Woodstock	68
W. Penning, St. George's	60
Capt. Anderson, St. John I.	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Lieut. Pearson, Whitney Pier	57
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	55
Eugene Peckwood, St. George's	55
Lieut. Parsons, Fredericton	50
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	50
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	50
Capt. Lebars, Newcastle	50
Capt. Elliot, Sydney Mines	50
Capt. Lorrimer, North Sydney	50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John I.	50
Capt. V. Smith, Campbellton	50
Sergt. Parley, Halifax I.	50
Capt. James, Halifax I.	50
Capt. Netting, Windsor	50
Sergt. Waterman, Sydney	50
Sergt. Jarvis, Halifax I.	45
Capt. Hamilton, Bear River	45
Adj. Wiggins, Yarmouth	44
Capt. Ritchie, Yarmouth	42
Mrs. Jones, Halifax I.	40

Cadet Corkum, St. John I.	40
Sergt. Gregory, Fredericton	40
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	40
S. M. Burrows, Yarmouth	40
Lieut. Barnard, Truro	40
Lieut. Cavendar, Hampton	40
Lieut. McEwen, Bridgewater	40
Lieut. Legge, Campbellton	40
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	40
Andie Laybolt, Bridgetown	40
Capt. Ehsary, Digby	40
Lieut. W. White, Digby	40
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	40
Capt. Davis, Lunenburg	35
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg	35
Lieut. Harding, Sussex	35
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex	35
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	35
Cadet Chislett, Canimog	30
Lieut. Munroe, Freeport	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	30
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	30
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax I.	27
Capt. McEwen, Keatville	25
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	25
Sergt. Pitt, Springhill	25
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Springhill	25
Maud Waterfield, Dominion	25
John B. Smith, Campbellton	25
Cand. Smith, Glace Bay	25
Sister Clark, Glace Bay	25
Capt. L. Miller, Chatham	25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John I.	25
Lieut. DeBow, Fairville	25
Cand. B. Smith, Campbellton	25
Mrs. Snow, Halifax I.	25
Cadet New, Halifax I.	20
Sister Brackett, Yarmouth	20
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	20
C. C. Bone, Halifax I.	20
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	20
Lieut. F. White, Bridgewater	20
Lieut. Rudland, Bridgetown	20
Sergt. Kent, Bear River	20
Snyder Church, St. George's	20
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	20

## West Ontario Province.

Lieut. West, London	340
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt	150
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	135
Mrs. Adj. McHarg, Chatham	125
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Leamington	100
S. M. McDougall, Goderich	100
Mary Maloney, Tilsonburg	100

Lieut. Close, Strathroy	100
Carrie McQueen, Petrolia	95
Capt. V. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	95
Minnie Brydon, Windsor	90
Capt. Maisey, Brantford	90
P. S. M. Huffman, Woodstock	90
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	90
P. S. M. Scheuster, Berlin	90
Adj. Scott, Sarnia	85
Cand. Woods, Stratford	80
Capt. Bishop, Wingham	80
Lieut. Hinkley, Simcoe	80
Capt. Yeoman, Woodstock	74
Capt. Fennacy, Wingham	70
Lieut. McCall, Bothwell	70
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	70
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	65
Sister Dorton, Dresden	65
Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	62
Cand. Ed. Backus, St. Thomas	62
P. S. M. Baiteman, Stratford	62
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Seaford	60
Capt. Barker, Simcoe	60
Ensign Brehaut, Woodstock	60
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	60
Capt. Williams, Essex	60
Mother Cutting, Essex	60
Capt. Coy, Goderich	60
Lillie Duckworth, Hespeler	60
Mrs. Alice Howlett, Drayton	60
P. S. M. Richards, Guelph	60
Adj. Cameron, Guelph	45
Mrs. Keravell, London	44
Mrs. Adj. Cameron, Guelph	40
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	40
Capt. Little, Wallaceburg	40
Capt. Harman, Ridgeway	40
Maggie Chatterton, Guelph	35
Adj. Coombs, Petrolia	35
Lieut. Allen, Watford	35
Capt. Roch, Seaford	35
Capt. Jordan, Stratford	35
Lieut. Murray, Berlin	35
Capt. Kitchen, Paris	35
Lillie Dickson, C. C. St. Thomas	32
Capt. Young, Forest	30
Verna Craze, C. C. Chatham	30
Lotie Christian, C. C. Petrolia	30
Cand. Mary Wessou, Simcoe	30
Freud. Palmer, London	30
Lieut. Cook, Thedford	30
Hunell Robinson, C. C. Windsor	30
Daric Welsh, Delhi	25
Lucy Horney, Goderich	25
Sergt. Rose Ellis, Dresden	25
Capt. Fyfe, Strathroy	25
Mrs. Livens, Ingersoll	25
Sergt. Dreisler, Hespeler	25
Capt. Welsby, Delhi	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter	20
Sarah Wakefield, Forest	20
Adj. Mitchell, Petrolia	20
Capt. C. Campbell, St. Thomas	20
Annie McDonald, Wingham	20
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Glasser, Chatham	20
Dad Christner, Dresden	20
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	20

## Central Ontario Province.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	350
Adj. McAmmond, Temple	100
Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie	100

Lieut. Minnes, Riverside	80
Mrs. Jones, Huastville	80
Bus. Staiger, Owen Sound	80
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	80
Mrs. Munro, Collingwood	80
Capt. Matthews, Burke's Falls	80
Lieut. Dauberville, Burke's Falls	80
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt	80
Bro. Moffatt, Riverside	80
Mary Andrews, Temple	80
Alice Eluskey, Bracebridge	80
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	80
Capt. Meador, North Bay	80
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	80
Cand. Glenville, Bowmanville	80
Ena Hanna, Dundas	80
Mrs. Capt. Bennett, Oshawa	80
Lieut. Baird, Brampton	80
Capt. Carwardine, Newmarket	80
Lieut. Lamb, Newmarket	80
S. M. Mrs. Stewart, Ldgar St.	80
Mrs. Capt. Hart, Hamilton I.	80
Capt. Culbert, Orangeville	80
Lieut. Judson, Orangeville	80
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	80
Sergt. Dickinson, Dundas	80
Lieut. McGrogan, Parry Sound	80
Capt. Leggett, Parry Sound	80
Capt. McCann, Burke's Falls	80
Lieut. Jones, Burke's Falls	80
Lieut. Griffiths, Sturgeon Falls	80
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	80
Capt. Kivell, Fenelon Falls	80
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls	80
C. C. Correll, Lindsay	80
Cand. McMillan, Lindsay	80
Adj. Bie, Luga St.	80
Lieut. Quail, Little Current	80
Capt. Capper, Little Current	80
Sergt. Mr. Phillips, Ldgar St.	80
Minnie Gilbert, Temple	80
Capt. Oke, Uxbridge	80
Lieut. Courtmanach, Uxbridge	80
Capt. Plant, Brampton	80
Dad Dixon, Temple	80
Capt. Bennett, Oshawa	80
Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst	80
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bracebridge	80
C. C. Stevenson, Estler St.	80
Capt. Meeks, Estler St.	80
S. M. Mrs. Rogers, Ldgar St.	80
Bro. B. Venetta, Oshawa	80
Mrs. Sims, Lindsay	80
Adj. Sims, Lindsay	80
C. C. Richards, Lindsay	80
Bro. Holson, Lindsay	80
Capt. Hart, Hamilton I.	80
Capt. Marshall, Bowmanville	80
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	80
Capt. Bonnie, Huntsville	80
Maud Rogers, Hamilton I.	80
Sister M. Campbell, Chesley	80
C. C. Courtmanach, Kilmount	80
Sadie McArthur, Temple	80
Tress Evelyn, Oshawa	80
S. M. Rogers, Bracebridge	80
S. M. McHenry, Ldgar St.	80
Tress Miller, Bracebridge	80
Miss Hutchinson, Estler St.	80

## East Ontario Province.

Lieut. Langley, Burlington	200
Lieut. Palford, Belleville	125
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	125
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville	125
Lieut. Duncan, Coburnburg	125
Lieut. Gates, Gananoque	100
Lieut. Hoyle, Kingston	95
Adj. MacNamara, Kingston	95
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	95
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	95
Capt. Randall, Trenton	95
Sergt. Rogers, Trenton	95
Capt. Green, Cornwall	95
Capt. Fitcher, Niagara	95
Capt. Woods, Kempsville	75
Lieut. Greenslade, Trenton	75
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	75
Mrs. Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	75
Capt. Ash, Sherbrooke	70
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	70
Mrs. Raymo, Barre	70
Capt. Liddell, Millbrook	65
Lieut. Mathews, Peterboro	65
Capt. O'Neil, Arnprior	65
Lieut. Seward, Arnprior	65
Mrs. Capt. Clarke, Campbellford	60
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke	60
Amy Hornback, Cobourg	60
Lieut. Kents, Newport	55
Clair Allen, Newport	55
C. C. Carson, Kingston	55
Mrs. Barker, Kingston	55
Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall	55
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal I.	50
Lieut. Carpenter, Sherbrooke	50
Ida Munro, Barre	50
C. C. Cuselman, Brockville	40
Sergt. Stone, Lekefeld	40
Sophie Barbour, Ottawa	40
S. M. Thompson, Belleville	40
Ensign Habikiri, Montreal I.	35
Mrs. Capt. Fudge, Cobourg	35
Mrs. Capt. Bingham, Port Hope	35
Finlay Cairns, Montreal I.	35
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	35



A TINY TRAGEDIAN.

Scene—Doorstep of an Army Barracks in London.  
CURRELL (sotto voce). "Good evening, Captain. Do you know who I am?—I'm Shakespeare!"  
CURRELL (loud). "Well, Shakespeare, do you know that, perhaps you can give us a good recitation?"  
CURRELL (loud). "For art; anything to oblige a lady?"  
CURRELL (loud). "Then, assuming a tragic attitude, he quivered:  
"And Christopher said unto Columbus: 'Gone forth!' and he came fifth and last the job."—Social  
Gazette. (But we may to our Hostlers, "come first"—Ed.)

Ensign, R.R.  
S.M. Rico  
S.M. Thor  
P.S.M. Mo  
Sergt. Vau  
Sergt. Le  
Capt. Brin  
Mrs. Gree  
Sergt. W  
Mrs. Cros  
S. Stanzel  
Capt. Pol  
P. S. M. M  
E. Munro  
Capt. Blo  
Cand. Ches  
Sergt. Gre  
Sister Mac  
Dad Doug  
Mrs. Bro  
Mrs. Dine  
Miss Gilla  
Sergt. Hou  
Cand. Pot  
New  
S.M. Whit  
Mrs. Adj.  
Capt. Rite  
Nettle Ror  
Sergt. Stie  
Bri. J. L  
Lieut. Mo  
Capt. Cro  
Mrs. New  
Sergt. H  
Lieut. Sp  
P.S.M. M  
Bro. Peck  
Mrs. Capt  
Lieut. Bla  
Cand. Bry  
Annie For  
Mrs. Darr  
J.S.S.M. A  
Capt. Wis  
S.M. Ash  
Sergt. But  
Sergt. Cro  
Lieut. Ha  
Sergt. Th  
C.C. Will  
Capt. Fia  
S.M. Moo  
S.M. Gree  
Capt. For  
Capt. Reh  
Sergt. Mu  
Mrs. Bab  
Mrs. Adj.  
Cadet Rol  
Capt. Hur  
Mrs. Adj.  
Cadet Mc  
Capt. Hea  
Capt. Cal  
Cadet Kn  
Mrs. Adj.  
Mrs. Haw  
Mrs. Adj.  
Lieut. Osh  
Capt. Qua  
Capt. Mit  
Lieut. Cor  
Lieut. Cor  
Lieut. Cor  
Sergt. McK  
Sister Co  
Laur. Bus  
Mrs. Cap  
Florie Pe  
Cadet Ric  
Elio Wat  
Mrs. Ura  
Lieut. Mo  
Mrs. Sala  
K  
Capt. Llo  
Capt. Wil  
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M. R. C.





## Preliminary Announcements !

# GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH,

Father and Founder of the World-Wide Salvation Army, will visit :

**ST. JOHN, N.B.,**  
SAT. to TUES., October 11, to 14th.

**HALIFAX, N.S.,**  
THURSDAY, October 16th.

**MONTREAL,**  
SAT. and SUN., Oct. 18th. 19th.

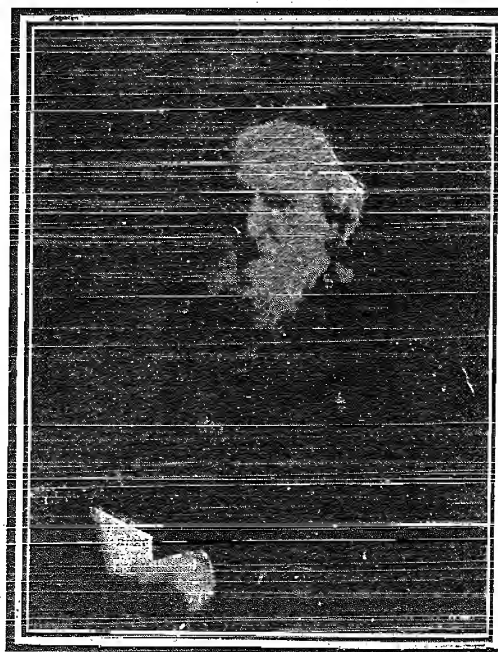
**OTTAWA,**  
TUESDAY, October 21st.

**KINGSTON, ONT.,**  
WEDNESDAY, October 22nd.

**HAMILTON, ONT.,**  
THURSDAY, October 23rd.

**WOODSTOCK, ONT.,**  
FRIDAY, October 24th.

**LONDON, ONT.,**  
SAT. and SUN., Oct. 25th, 26th.



*The GENERAL will preside at the*

## Annual Congress, Toronto

*when over 300 Staff and Field Officers will be present.*

**TUESDAY, October 26,**  
Public Reception at the Massey Hall.

**WED., THURS., FRI., October 29, 30, 31,**  
Staff and Field Officers' Councils

**SATURDAY, November 1,**  
United Soldiers' Council.

**SUNDAY, November 2,**  
Day of Salvation in the Massey Hall.



**TORONTO**  
SEP. 20. 1907

Price 5 Cents.